6 NO. 3 Lessons for June MARCH 1959

From Near and Far

It was such a wonderful thrill to find a beautiful orchid for my poems published in *The Relief Society Magazine* (January 1959) from Grace Ingles Frost. It is such a wonderful satisfaction to know that what you loved to write has touched another's heart and mind. And it is still more wonderful to learn that they cared enough to write and let you know. . . . As I have said so often, "I love my readers." To write is a great joy, but the task is only half done until one finds a reader. There is so much that is excellent in the *Magazine*, as it comes slipping through the mail slot every month, that I am lifted with both joy and pride to read it and to know that it is our own. It is doubly gratifying then to be numbered among the contributors. The prize-winning material in the January issue is very worthy, and, while I enjoyed Lael Hill's rhyme scheme . . . what I really loved most about her poem "The Telling" is its pure poetic feeling and the light grace of its movement.

—Eva Willes Wangsgaard
Ogden, Utah

The January issue of the *Magazine* came one cold afternoon last week. How pleasant it was to sit comfortably near the glowing flames from the fireplace and enjoy the excellent prize-winning poems and stories. I was so thrilled to see that Mabel Law Atkinson was again one of the winners. Her work has always touched a responsive cord. Last summer, after re-reading her "Fifty Singing Aprils" (Second Prize Story, February 1958), and on the spur of the moment, I wrote telling her how much I had enjoyed the story. The biographical sketch stated that she had graduated from two poetry classes, by correspondence, after she was fifty. I asked about these classes. Imagine my surprise when, soon after, I received a friendly letter from her with the requested information. It was her encouragement, so graciously given, that prompted me to begin my present study of poetic techniques.

—Iona Goold
Burley, Idaho

I was so pleased to find the lovely picture of the General Board of Relief Society in the January *Magazine*. I hope you will make this an annual feature. It is with excitement that I look through my *Magazine* for familiar names and faces. Each month brings a reunion with sisters I have known and loved. I have yet to be disappointed.

—Alfarette Liddle
Arlington, Virginia

When I caught my first glimpse of the cover of *The Relief Society Magazine* for December, I thought of Keats' words "If eyes are meant for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being." The cover is beautiful and affects the heart and soul as well as the eye — how very lovely! So far, I've read only the poems. "Even a Christmas Tree," by Eva Willes Wangsgaard, is magnificent. Also, I especially like the poem "Winter Morning," by Sylvia Probst Young, and "Grannies," by Ethel Jacobson — for their sweet, *homey* beauty, and "Who Can Know the Stars?" by Maude O. Cook is a fine poem, for its *eternal* loveliness. Truly these, and all the contents of the *Magazine* will be "a joy forever."

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho

Lael Hill's prize-winning poem "The Telling" (January 1959) is a truly masterful piece of lyric writing. I love it, as I also love Dorothy Roberts' fine poem on "Mary Magdalene" (April 1947) which ended "Faithful and unafraid, to fly into the ages with her cry." How proud I am to know and love these fine writers, and I do appreciate the *Magazine*.

—Christie Lund Coles
Provo, Utah

I have read our women's magazines ever since the *Woman's Exponent*, and I have loved them all, and I now enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. I am always looking for it when the time is near for it to arrive. The poems and stories and all the lessons are wonderful.

—Miss Anna Bider
Logan, Utah

HE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

nthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Let Us Cherish One Another

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer, Relief Society

(Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 8, 1958.)

ON March 24, 1842, at the second meeting of Relief Society, Sister Lucy Mack Smith, the mother of the Prophet, said, "This institution [referring to Relief Society] is a good one. . . . We must cherish one another, watch over one another, comfort one another, and gain instruction, that we may all sit down in Heaven together."

This statement has impressed me as one which aptly portrays the spirit and purpose of Relief Society — "to cherish one another, to watch over one another, to comfort one another and to gain instruction," or we might say, gain an understanding of the principles of the gospel in order that we might all work out our salvation and exaltation. In the midst of the anxieties, unhappiness, loneliness, physical and spiritual sickness, and insecurities that exist in the world today, how needed are those influences of which Sister Smith spoke!

I recently had occasion to call at the home of an elderly sister. She had lived in her home ward for many years. It was where the youngest of her children had grown up, and all had been active in the Church. During the past few years, in her less active condition, her children, wanting to make sure that their mother was properly cared for, had arranged for her to close up her home, which to her was indeed "home," and to live for two or three months in turn with each of them. This sister appreciated the love and consideration of her children, but she was not fully happy because she yearned to be in her own home. So the family took her back to her home and arranged for her sister, who was also elderly but more active, to come and live with her. It was shortly after, that I called on them. Upon inquiring if they were happy, their answer was "Oh, yes, but we wish that we could go to Relief Society meeting. It would be so good to mingle with the sisters there, but even those two blocks are too far to walk."

Here were two sisters who were not in need physically, except for transportation, but, as Lucy Smith said, they needed to be cherished, they needed to feel that they belonged, they needed to be built up —they needed Relief Society.

Not long ago, I went into the home of a young mother, a girl from a good Latter-day Saint home, but who for some reason had not taken a very active part in the Church herself. She had four lovely young children, but the children were disturbed; they were insecure; they were starving for love, for the security that comes through prayer and the assurance that even a child may have that a loving Heavenly Father is watching over him. The mother was frustrated, was complaining about her husband, and scolding the children. The home was disorderly and confusion and strain seemed to reign within its walls.

As I left that home, my heart

reached, and I thought if only that sister could be reached through Relief Society and enjoy the blessings and influences there that would help her to find herself, and to be the real strength in her home that a wife and mother of Israel should be. Again, I thought of the words of Lucy Mack Smith in 1842.

These are but two examples of sisters who need Relief Society. I am sure there are many more. These sisters may be neighbors, friends, or even relatives. They are our Heavenly Father's daughters. He is vitally interested in their welfare, and, in his great wisdom, he has caused to be organized this great organization of Relief Society to help meet the needs of the women of the Church.

May we as leaders in that organization not leave a stone unturned to see that the blessings and influence of Relief Society are carried into the lives of every mother and homemaker in our wards and branches. May we truly do as Sister Smith said, "cherish one another, watch over one another, comfort one another and gain instruction" together, I pray humbly in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Our Chapel—The Grove

Joyce Wahlburn

Durban, South Africa

The gates swing wide at a touch,
To open on the forepath—an emerald sea,
And mirrored in its depths, by light of moon,
The stately palms—graceful in their watchful majesty
Keep guard over the house of God—
Haven of peace and calm serenity.

Squarely it stands, wrapped about in its mantle of green,
Bordered by hedge-row embossed with trailing bloom
And trailing evergreen.
Embraced by the night-shadows, and psalmed by the night-sounds
Of myriad tiny creeping things.

Within his house, the Father waits—a kindly host to all
Who enter in, with faith and love.
Hush! Hear now—he calls to you—your place is set.
Step within these portals—no longer roam,
Behold the unseen hand of love held out,
And feel the smile of welcome,
As the Father bids thee stay, for here is home!

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The House on Cherry Lane Drive

Sarah O. Moss

SARAH O. MOSS

EVALYN had arrived for her visit at the home of her daughter and son-in-law, Maida and Charles Spence. She stood at the ironing board, pressing a scarf, while her daughter sat at the table, sipping her orange juice in the crowded little kitchen. The two small children had gone out to play.

"Sure you can manage by yourself, Mother?" asked Maida. "I could drive you around and perhaps save your strength, if you have to do too much walking."

"Don't worry about me, dear," answered Evalyn hastily. "I'll just catch a bus up here at the corner, and go right to the bank. From there—well, I have a few scattered errands about town. I shouldn't be too long."

She felt a little guilty. It didn't seem quite fair to the children, to put over such a big thing as buying a house, all by oneself, thought Evalyn, but she wanted everything settled before she told Maida and Charles that she had bought herself a home on Cherry Lane Drive. At fifty four, and a widow, Evalyn Day was going to be a home owner, and all because Uncle Benjamin had remembered her in his will. If she mentioned the venture to Charles, he would take time from his studies to look for property for her. And Maida, with her keen sense of dollar values, might not approve of the picture on the folder that Evalyn had received through the mail, while living at her sister's boarding house in California. But how she wanted that house!

An hour later, when she actually stood before the structure, she knew it was all that she wanted it to be—early American with gray-blue clapboards combined with old brick and a pink trim. It had triangle windowpanes, and with ruffled curtains, a braided rag rug, and early American furniture, Evalyn could see herself welcoming her children. The youngsters would say, "Let's go to

Grandma's." Maida and Charles could say, "We'll go to Mother's." There would be Sunday night suppers; there would be long Saturday afternoons; and all the holidays that they could be together. There would be that third bedroom where the children could sleep, anytime Maida and Charles wanted to go out.

As Evalyn tucked the newly acquired papers in her bag, she felt dizzy and weak. She sat down on the bench to wait for the bus, but the faintness persisted, eventually passing, so that she felt light and gay again as she walked into the hall of Maida's home. Voices came from the next room.

"Don't say anything," she heard Maida say, and Evalyn felt a slight discomfiture, as she saw her daughter and her friend, Betty Kane, visiting.

"Hello, Betty." The older woman gave the young matron a friendly handshake. "You're looking just wonderful," she said.

"Except for being pale, I was going to say the same thing to you," said Betty. "Sure you're all right, Mrs. Day?"

"Mother! You look exhausted," said Maida. "I'll get you a cold drink."

The sick feeling returned, but with the cold drink to refresh her, Evalyn looked toward the stairs. "I think I'll go up to my room and rest awhile," she said. "It's been rather a strenuous morning."

"We'll have lunch soon," smiled Maida. "I'll call you, Mother. But you do need the rest."

Climbing each step was an effort. Evalyn went so slowly that she had time to notice the heavy accumulation of dust in the corners of the stairs. She also noticed the threadbare carpet on each step.

Getting finally to her room, she put her bag and gloves in the dresser drawer, and with effort took off her tight dress and slipped into a robe. Exhausted, she dropped onto the bed. It must have been hours later, that she woke, to see Maida lower the west blind a little, smile, and tiptoe gently out of the room. How wonderful, thought Evalyn, to have a daughter like Maida. People around you who cared and loved you so dearly.

IT was dusk when Evalyn woke up. She slipped into a casual dress, ran a comb through her gray hair, and prepared to go down to the family. The weakness seemed to have gone, but she went shakily down the stairs, the carpet absorbing every sound. She sat down on the bottom step of the stairs, to read a postcard that had come with the mail delivery. She must have sat there longer than she had intended, as flashes of dizziness returned. Then from the kitchen came cautious words:

"But, Charles, I don't think Mother intends to stay very long, still I should ask her—without offending her, I mean." The words were Maida's.

"No, don't," said Charles. "She might think we are trying to rush her off to California again."

"But we have to sign up for the unit in Stadium Village. That's low rent, compared to this—it's just a third of what we pay here, and you with another year in school. . . ." Maida's voice broke on a deep sigh.

"Yes, you're right, honey, but there's another thing to consider.

Suppose your mother does go to California for now. There's Christmas and other holidays when we all want to be together. Where will we put your mother if we move from here? We couldn't offer her anything better than the living-room couch in Stadium Village."

Evalyn heard Maida sigh again. "Oh, Charles! Don't think I haven't thought of it. What are we going to do? With another baby in the spring. . . . I love my Mother, but what can we do, Charles?"

"And so do I, honey, love your mother. That's just the point. I like to have her here. You know she's a person everybody feels good around. I'd hate like everything not to give her a room of her own if she wanted to come."

EVALYN crept back up the stairs. The dizzy feeling had now progressed to a nausea as well, and her limbs felt like lead. She stopped to rest. Suddenly she didn't want the house on Cherry Lane Drive! If she had only talked things over with these two struggling young persons, instead of enjoying every moment of her smugness. Loneliness enveloped her. Maida, Charles, and the children, way across town. With another baby coming, Evalyn knew the reason for the dusty stairs, and the threadbare carpet. There could be very few Sunday night suppers, or holiday get-togethers. Maida would be tied with small children. Charles would have to spend every minute earning extra money for bread and butter to feed a family of five, besides going to school. Evalyn made an effort to rise, but fell limp at the top of the stairs. She groaned, then a blessed oblivion enveloped her.

As Evalyn came out of the faint, Charles and Maida stood over her, their anxious, worried faces dimly outlined in the room. "The doctor will be here in a little while," said Charles. "You were out quite a while, and you gave us a scare." Maida wiped her face with a cold cloth.

Evalyn remembered she had fallen at the top of the stairs. Now she was in her own bed. They must have carried her in. "I'm so ill," she said weakly.

The sickness lasted a week. Influenza and pneumonia, the doctor pronounced it. He came and went often, staying when she seemed the worst. Evalyn knew that the crisis was near. Maida and Charles stood behind the doctor, their worried, anxious faces waiting, as the cold, weakening sweat left her limp—then sleep.

As Evalyn improved, she worried as Maida ran up and down the stairs. She knew she shouldn't, with the baby on the way. She brought trays of food, liquids in-between meals, and she bathed and waited on her as a hospital nurse, without complaints or ever mentioning the tiredness she must feel.

Charles, too, hovered near, whenever he was home from his busy routine. He brought Evalyn the mail and read the evening paper to her. He helped her into the easy chair, when she felt strong enough to sit up. He did a thousand things for her comfort.

It was Evalyn's first day downstairs. With her returning strength, she felt equal to babysit with Diane, the two-year-old girl, while Maida, with four-year-old Bobby, drove over to Betty's for lunch at Betty's invitation. Evalyn walked around the

rooms as Diane slept, grateful that she was alive and well on the way to health. If only she didn't worry so about the house on Cherry Lane Drive.

And, as if to still her worries, suddenly there was the agent when she answered the doorbell. "Why, come in, Mr. Anderson," said Evalyn, relief in her voice.

"Sorry I took so long with these deeds, Mrs. Day," he said, dropping into a chair at Evalyn's invitation.

"I wouldn't have known the difference," said Evalyn. "I've been ill." She took the packet of legal papers. She read the important inscriptions, which proclaimed her the legal owner of the house on Cherry Lane Drive. She scowled as she read. She wasn't happy about being a home owner, now that it was really true.

"Anything wrong, Mrs. Day?"

EVALYN hesitated a moment. "I've just decided," she said suddenly. "I would like you to take these papers back, Mr. Anderson. Make a new deed to my daughter and son-in-law. They are young, struggling, and they will love being home owners. As for myself, I just want to live with them. With them I'm really wanted."

Mr. Anderson took the papers with misgivings. His look implied that you can't tell a thing about women, but he obligingly took down the necessary information for the new deeds. Then he left.

Evalyn walked about as though she were walking on air. Now everything seemed right again. The worry slipped from her mind, and intense happiness filled her heart.

It was a week before Mr. Anderson came again. This time all details for the transaction were completed. Evalyn held even the keys to the new, little house. Waiting anxiously for Maida and Charles to return from the market, where they had gone grocery shopping, she wondered just how she would spring the delightful surprise on them. To pass the time she took a walk around the block. She walked slowly, enjoying the crispness of the air, and the smell of cold rain. On the last stretch, she hurried, as she saw the car in the driveway.

"I've really gained strength," said Evalyn, entering the hall. "I went all around the block." Her face shone with exuberance. She felt joyous.

Maida's troubled face smiled into hers, wanly, as she sat on the small chair by the table. Charles sat on the stairway, holding a letter in his hand.

"You're looking wonderful, Mother," said Maida, casting her eyes downward, as Diane slept in her arms. "We have news to tell you—news you might not like," she added.

"What's wrong? What news?" Evalyn sensed the tenseness about her.

"Come now," said Charles, admonishing Maida. "It's not bad news. It's really good news. It's an offer for a new job. We should really be thankful."

"A new job?" asked Evalyn. "But where?"

Maida's eyes filled. "In Philadelphia," she said. "There's no other way, Mother. Maybe after a few years, we can come back, but with three children by spring, we just can't make it, the way we're

going here. And you're coming with us," Maida hastened to add. "We wouldn't go and leave you out here, you know that, Mother."

"But what about your Doctorate, Charles? It's so close." Evalyn was still in the dark.

By degrees they told her of the necessity of the delay in Charles' education, and about the offer of the new position that had just come in the mail. It was too good to pass by—equal to the security that would come with a Doctorate.

"With rent and utilities the way they are, besides a living to make, tuition, and doctor bills—it's no use," said Maida unhappily.

Evalyn knew that the time had come. She left the room, returning in a moment. She handed Charles the crisp, blue legal document, and then handed Maida the keys to the house on Cherry Lane Drive.

"Deeds!" said Charles. "*Property in our name!* What is this?" He was on his feet, while Maida could only look blankly at the keys in her hand.

EVALYN enjoyed the scene. She enjoyed telling them all the procedures she had gone through to obtain the house, since that first day that she received her gift from Uncle Benjamin's estate.

"But, why?" insisted Charles, "why not have kept the property in your own name? Why hand everything over to us?"

Evalyn smiled as she looked up at him. "I didn't want a house, Charles," she said sincerely. "I think I just wanted you and Maida and the children. To be near you is enough. To be wanted is more than enough, and I think you both proved that, through my illness. Now that you know everything, perhaps I can show you a practical solution to your problem. Since I had planned on furnishing the house, why not use those funds to complete your education? Have the full year, without worry over bread and butter."

Maida gave a happy little scream. "Mother!" she said, going to Evalyn with the baby still sleeping on her shoulder. "Oh, Mother! That is the best part of all, giving poor Charles a rest. He must be the most tired man in the world. Thank you, Mom. You're so wonderful!"

Evalyn smiled as she took little Bobby by the hand, as he came into the room. "You have a house," she said to Charles and Maida. "Don't you want to see it?"

Charles grinned for a moment. He threw the Philadelphia letter on the table. "I won't need that," he said gratefully.

"You'll need this, though," said Maida as she handed him the key.

Charles took the key and the small child.

"Your mother is certainly tops," he said.

Evalyn heard him as she went out the door. It was all she wanted to hear. With children like that, one couldn't ask for more. Life was complete.

Sarah O. Moss, Salt Lake City, Utah, is a talented and enthusiastic writer whose work has appeared in the Church magazines over a period of twenty years. Several of her stories have been published in *The Relief Society Magazine*. She is best known in the field of juvenile writing. Her stories have appeared often in *The Children's Friend*, as well as in many juvenile magazines of national circulation. She is a member of the League of Utah Writers, a former member of the Barnacles Writers Club, and a workshop writers group in Salt Lake City. She is the wife of Don W. Moss. They are members of the Garden Heights South Ward, and are the parents of three daughters, Joyce and Mary Sue Moss, students at the University of Utah, and Mrs. Carol Donna Moss, of Pomona, California, also one grandchild. Mrs. Moss was born in Brooklyn, New York, coming with her parents to Logan, Utah, at an early age. She received her education at Brigham Young College and Utah State University.

The Prairie Wind

June N. Ashton

Today, from the glacier-bedded mountains
Wails the lonely wind, home to the prairie.
"Winter and death I bring with me," she shrieks.
Her words are ice-covered, fearful, dreary.
Yesterday the wind was mellow and mild.
Yellow, orange, and red colored the scene.
As autumn leaves floated to rest on earth,
A rich harvest was yours and mine to glean.
Tomorrow a greater change she will bring;
Spring will be on her gay breath, and laughter.
The warm prairie wind will not give
Winter death, but hope to life thereafter.

A Prophet Spoke

(March 17, 1842)

Ruth H. Chadwick

A Prophet spoke in these the latter-days,
And turned the keys that women, too, might grow
In knowledge, wisdom, and in kindly ways
To serve mankind as Christ did long ago.
From his own lips their earliest teachings came—
To care for all, the needy, sick, and those
With hearts bowed down with sorrow, or the lame
And weary, spirits crushed by countless woes.
He taught them truth, a bulwark sure and strong,
Against the powers of darkness and of sin;
That they might always know the right from wrong
And live to gain that peace of soul within.
A Prophet spoke and pointed out the way;
And blessed are those who listen and obey!

The Central States Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

THE Central States Mission is the outgrowth of two earlier missions—the Indian Territory and the Southwestern States. The Indian Territory Mission was organized in April 1855, and Elders Henry W. Miller, Robert C. Petty, Washington W. Cook, John A. Richards, and William A. Richey were sent there to labor as the first missionaries. In 1866 Indian Agents requested the missionaries to leave the Indian Territory and the mission was closed.

The mission was again opened in 1883 by Elders George Teasdale, Joseph H. Felt, and William Dalton. Two years later Elder Andrew Kimball was called to preside, and he held the position until 1897, when he was succeeded by Elder William T. Jack. In 1898 the name of the mission was changed to the Southwestern States Mission, and it was formed to include Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, Louisiana, and the territories of Oklahoma and Indian Territory. President Jack was succeeded as president, in April 1900, by Elder James G. Duffin. In 1904, the name of the mission was again changed to the Central States Mission and the headquarters was moved to Independence, Jackson County, Missouri.

In 1906 Elder Samuel O. Bennion was called to preside over the Central States Mission. Under his direction a substantial mission home

Otto Done

REMAINS OF STONE ALTAR AT ADAM-ONDI-AHMAN, MISSOURI
(See Doctrine and Covenants 78:15, 107:53, 116, 117:8, 11.)

Marshall Settle Photography
Submitted by Douglas Traywick

THE NATIONAL HALL OF FAME FOR FAMOUS AMERICAN INDIANS
Anadarko, Oklahoma

Across the highway to the left is the ten-acre tract where the Anadarko chapel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is being built, and also the Bureau of Information for the Anadarko Branch.

and chapel were erected at Independence. Also a printing plant was built to house Zion's Printing and Publishing Company, which published tracts for all the missions of the Church in the United States. In addition a magazine was published in the interest of missionary work, called the *Liahona, the Elders Journal.*

Samuel O. Bennion presided over the Central States Mission until January 1934, a period of almost twenty-eight years. Prior to this time, on April 13, 1933, he was sustained a member of the First Council of Seventy. President Bennion was succeeded in the Central States Mission by Elias S. Woodruff; President Woodruff was succeeded in June 1939 by John F. Bowman; President Bowman was succeeded in June 1943 by Thomas C. Romney; President Romney was succeeded in October 1946 by Francis W. Brown; President Brown was succeeded in March 1950 by J. Orval Ellsworth; President Ellsworth was succeeded in March 1954 by Alvin R. Dyer; President Dyer was succeeded in July 1958 by Samuel R. Carpenter, who presides at the present time.

On November 30, 1958, there were 11,614 members of the Church in the Central States Mission, located in fifty-eight branches.

Sixty-five Relief Society organizations, with 1089 members, were reported in December 1958. May E. J. Dyer is former president of the Central States Mission Relief Society, and Catherine R. Carpenter is the present president.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* "Scene in the Ozark Mountains, Arkansas," is reproduced from a color transparency by Fred H. Ragsdale, Free Lance Photographers Guild, Inc. See also "Recipes From the Central States Mission," by Sister Dyer, page 176.

"Not of This Fold"

Frances C. Yost

EVELYN Handy's fingers worked with the ceramics. Carefully she spooned the moistened plaster of Paris into the molds, and watched it take form. It was fun doing things creative, working with her hands. It reminded Evelyn of Relief Society work meeting back home in Utah. She missed Relief Society more than any one thing since Russell had been transferred and they had *come* East to live. Sunday wasn't so bad, they almost always drove the long distance to the nearest Latter-day Saint branch and attended meetings. But Evelyn couldn't get to Relief Society on Tuesdays, as she used to do back home.

Evelyn thought of her new friends, Sue Reynolds, for one, who lived close by. She was friendly enough, had invited her over, wanted her to join her own friends, but Evelyn knew they played cards. But she did need friends. . . .

"Ding," the door bell sang.

"Coming," Evelyn answered. "Wonder who could be calling at nine A.M.?" she murmured, wiping her hands and hurrying to the door.

"Why, Sue Reynolds, welcome to the Handy manor this bright fall morning." Evelyn held the door open, and Sue whisked in. "I'm making ceramics, you know, figurines." Evelyn pointed to her work spread out on the dining-room table.

"That looks fun to do!" Sue sparkled with delight. "Where on earth did you learn how to make these?"

"They taught us back home at. . . ."

"What do you call this figurine?" Sue interrupted, holding up one which Evelyn had completed.

"I call that a Pioneer Madonna," Evelyn explained. "See her clothing is simple, and she has a child clinging to her skirts."

"It's lovely. I didn't know people made these, I mean . . . I thought they were artist sculptured." She picked up another figurine. "This one is so colorful in its bright yellow dress, and carrying a basket overflowing with bronze flowers. Reminds me of Indian summer. Does this one have a name?"

"I call it *Autumn Glory*," Evelyn explained.

"Well named. What's this little one, an elf?" She asked, picking up a third ceramic.

"Well it could be an elf," Evelyn laughed, "but I call him a 'Little Imp.' See, he neither sits nor lies, but does a combination of both."

"Honestly, Eve, have you actually made all these figurines yourself?" Sue Reynolds seemed amazed.

"Yes, they taught us back home at. . . ."

"Tell you what! These things, these figurines you've made will make the cleverest prizes for a card game. Your Pioneer Madonna will be first prize; *Autumn Glory*, second; and the Little Imp will be the consolation prize!" Sue warbled delightedly.

"But I've never. . . ." Evelyn started to explain that she didn't want them used for prizes, that she didn't play cards, but it was hard to get a word in with Sue Reynolds.

"Evelyn Handy, face the facts.

"You're letting yourself rot away here staying home, and not getting out and meeting people. Now I'm taking you in hand and seeing that you know the nicest people in town. Next Tuesday I'll bring a group of friends here to your home."

"But. . . ." Evelyn interluded.

"Don't worry about a thing, Eve. I'll furnish the refreshments, bring the guests, and all you'll have to do is furnish the prizes, and you have them already." Sue rambled on. "Well, I just ran over for a few minutes to put off doing the breakfast dishes a little longer. See you Tuesday at two, and I'll bring along some other ladies. Time you were worked into society here in the East, Eve."

Sue was gone.

THAT same evening Evelyn painted the figurines while Russell read the paper.

"You know, Eve, I sort of envy you. You can keep busy making things, and all I seem to be able to do is read in the evening. It seems sort of like evenings back home when you finished your Relief Society work before turning in."

"Making these figurines reminds me of work meetings back home too, Russ." Evelyn felt tears moistening her lashes. She had worried all day about Sue Reynolds' plans. She did want to make friends, but she didn't want to lower her standards, even for friends. If she told Russ about it, perhaps he could help her out of her predicament.

Russell Handy looked at his wife, he suspected her loneliness.

"Too bad you have to miss out on so many things like Relief Society, but honestly, Eve, if you hadn't come with me, been a good sport about leaving your home, the Church headquarters, and your friends, well, I just couldn't have made out on this new job. What are you making the figurines for, Eve?"

"Sue Reynolds came over this morning, and she's inviting a group of ladies here Tuesday afternoon and. . . ."

Russ almost smirked. "I asked what you're going to do with the figurines. You talk in circles, Eve."

"Well, Sue, she's sort of forward, or domineering or something, Russ. She wants the figurines for prizes. . . ."

"Just a bunch of sheep with no leader." Russell stood up and yawned. "Well, I guess I'll turn in." He put the paper aside and left the room.

Alone in the dining room, Evelyn realized the problem was hers alone, and hers to work out. She thought, it would have been so much easier if Russell had said, "Make an excuse, honey," or "Go ahead and spend an afternoon with the girls." But he hadn't said anything. Yes, he had muttered something. What was it? "A bunch of sheep with no leader." What had he meant?

Evelyn wrestled with her problem, as her fingers worked artfully. Surely a card game with only figurines as prizes wouldn't be too bad.

"Too *bad*," Evelyn muttered the words. Things were either good or bad. They just couldn't be half and half.

Evelyn pondered over the words Russell had mumbled as he left the room. The Savior had said something himself about sheep, what was it? "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." Why

these new friends here in the East were no doubt good people, it was just that they were . . . sort of . . . not of the fold.

If I could only get to Sister Murray, our dear Relief Society president back home, and tell her my problems, or if I could invite them all to go with me to Relief Society, but it's so far, and the traffic is so conjested during the week days.

TUESDAY dawned clear, bright, and golden, like an Indian maiden of Indian summertime. Evelyn loved autumn. She took a basket and went into the garden and gathered bronze and yellow chrysanthemums. As she filled her basket she felt like her figurine *Autumn Glory*. The house must look its loveliest, surely these clean, beautiful flowers would help her see this through. Silently Evelyn said a prayer, "Dear Father, help me to . . . to carry on alone."

"Ding," the doorbell sang.

"Coming," Evelyn replied.

"Well, here we are!" Sue Reynolds chuckled. "Seven of us congregated at my home and came over together.

"Evelyn, I want you to meet Ruth Ellis, the quiet type; Marva Reed, the interesting type; Ginnie Brooks, the talkative one, if I'm not around; Cora Stephens, your neighbor in the next block; Connie Conrad, a friend to everyone; Lydia Walters, a mother to us all, not so much because she is a bit older, but because she is so very wise."

"I'm glad to meet all of you," Evelyn said warmly. Inwardly she had dreaded meeting these women, but she liked their appearance. They seemed nice, each one of them. If she could only keep up her courage, carry things through as she had planned.

"Well, where are the card tables?" Sue peered about. "Might as well get started. I've already told the girls about the prizes you make, Eve. Oh, look, girls, here are the clever figurines," Sue called joyously, pointing to a small table.

There followed a chatter of admiration.

Finally, Evelyn arose and spoke: "Sisters. . . ." She stopped. Why, she shouldn't have addressed them as sisters. She must apologize. . . . "You do all seem like sisters to me. Back where I come from we have a woman's organization which meets each week just at this time. We call it the Relief Society. The name implies doing good to others, which we do when there is sickness or need around. But the name means even more, it means self-improvement in so many ways."

The women were listening. Evelyn found she could modulate her voice. As she continued, her voice held a sacred tone. "We members of the Relief Society meet once each week and do things together. One week we study something uplifting, a study of the scriptures. This lesson is called theology. Another week we study literature, you know, great writers, and their works. This particular course is much like going back to college. Another week we study family relations or community problems. It helps us to get along with each other, and rear a family properly in these trying times.

"Another week we do things with our hands. We tie quilts for welfare, or quilt lovely ones to sell at the bazaar, or do needlework, or tear carpet rags. Other days we learn to make something decorative

or useful for our own homes. I made those twin pictures of the flamingos from sheet copper at Relief Society." Evelyn nodded at the two pictures hanging on her living room wall.

"And this little sewing basket here by my favorite chair, I made at one day at work meeting. The silver tray which holds the figurines was another project which we made at our regular monthly work meeting. And, of course, the figurines which Sue showed you, I learned how to make those, too, at Relief Society.

"I thought you might like to make one of those ceramics today. I have lots of molds and plaster of Paris, and even the paints and glaze you would need. If you would enjoy making these ceramics today, we could do as we do sometimes at Relief Society, and don some old shirts which I have here, to keep our nice dresses protected. How about it? Would you like to do something together like this. . . ?"

EVELYN realized she hadn't given such a long speech since she gave a lesson back home in Relief Society meeting. She waited, but no one said anything. The women had listened attentively, every one of them, but had they listened with their ears, not their hearts?

Evelyn found herself breathing a little prayer as she stood before these new friends, "Dear Father, help me to turn the hearts of these good . . . good sisters who are not of the fold. . . ."

The clock ticked away the seconds. It seemed unusually loud. Evelyn had hoped they would ask questions about Relief Society. She guessed she had been presumptive; just because she herself had enjoyed Relief Society meetings so much, she had thought everyone would be interested to know about them. She had had the mistaken idea that the women would bubble over with interest at her first mention of it, but this silence, complete silence, except for the clock ticking away the time, stilled Evelyn.

She recalled that the women had been very talkative when they first came. Before she had mentioned Relief Society. They had laughed and joked and talked all at the same time and now . . . just silence. They were indicating that they had come for another reason, not to don old shirts and play in clay. She had let them come here to her home expecting something else, but she had meant well . . . she had tried. Evelyn felt tears accumulating behind her eyelids.

"Of course, if you would rather not," Evelyn began. . . .

"Wait, Mrs. Handy . . . Eve . . ." Lydia Walters spoke. Sue had said Lydia Walters was wise. Probably wise in the world's ways. Evelyn's heart almost stopped beating, as she waited to hear what Lydia Walters had to say.

"I suggest we make ceramics this afternoon, since you have gone to all the trouble of getting the molds and material. What do you say, girls?" Lydia put the question to the group.

"All right, for a change," they murmured.

Evelyn's heart took up it's slow, wary beating. "I'll get the things." How strange that her voice should sound so natural when her heart was racing so.

FOR the next hour Evelyn was as busy as a work meeting leader on work day. Each woman decided on a mold of her choice, and spooned the softened plaster of Paris into the forms. As they worked, they chattered about their work, just as the sisters did back home on work day. It was fun talk, and sounded sweetly familiar to Evelyn. Time was completely forgotten, and the clock in the hall could not be heard now.

"How're you coming with yours, Sue? When you're through with that mold, Ruth, may I use it? Clever, Connie! Good work, Cora! My, that's pretty, Ginnie!"

Later, while the ceramics were setting, Evelyn and Sue served light refreshments.

Then it was that Lydia Walters asked: "How often do you say your Relief Society meets?"

"Every Tuesday afternoon," Evelyn replied.

"And a work meeting similar to what we have had this afternoon is held once each month?" Lydia inquired.

"Yes, once each month. On the second Tuesday," Evelyn replied.

"But if the women don't want to wait a whole month, can they finish their work?" Sue Reynolds asked.

"Often a special day is held to finish work, or sometimes it is taken home and finished," Evelyn explained.

"I have still another question," Lydia Walters said.

The women became especially quiet, and listened. "Do I understand correctly that one can be a member of Relief Society and not be a member of your faith, Evelyn?"

"A Relief Society is always organized under the direction of the mission president, but one need not be a member of our Church," Evelyn explained.

"Are there dues in Relief Society?" Lydia asked.

"Fifty cents a year," Evelyn said simply.

"So much for so little." They sighed.

"I want each of you to take home one of my *Relief Society Magazines* to read. I don't mind admitting it is my favorite magazine, with stories, poems, recipes, articles, and good reading, besides the lessons for each week." Evelyn passed out a *Magazine* to each of the guests.

"Thanks so much," each one murmured.

The women were leaving now, but they were all taking her hand in friendship and thanking her for the wonderful afternoon.

It was Sue Reynolds who lingered when the others had gone. "Honestly, Evelyn, I've never had such a good, interesting afternoon in my life. I've always wanted to know how to do things with my hands, but I never thought I could learn, or enjoy it so much. You know, Eve, when you started telling us about your Relief Society, you seemed sort of like an angel standing there, and we all knew you had something we just didn't have and we wanted it very much. It's just as if you'd opened up a new world for us."

It had been a wonderful afternoon, Evelyn knew. She had so much to tell Russ when he came home. Later she must write to the mission president and his wife and invite them to visit their group. Evelyn had a feeling there might be a new Relief Society to be organized.

Josef Muench

CRATER LAKE (OREGON) IN WINTER

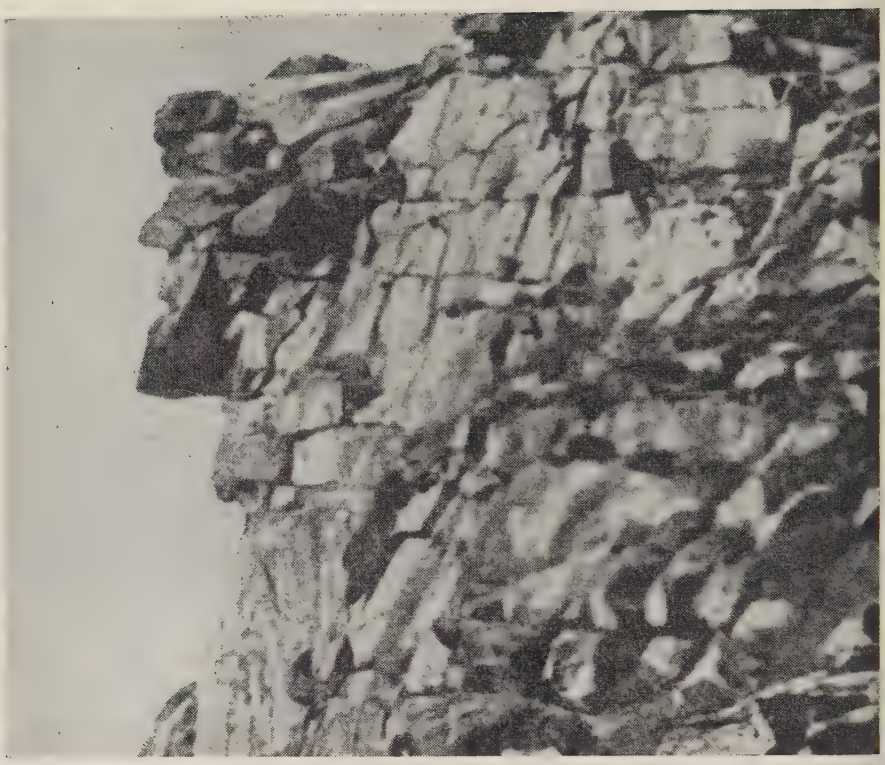
Mountain Born

Maude Rubin

These I remember: aspens' shimmering shadows:
Great granite boulders red with lichen rust;
Mariposa lilies in cool meadows;
And autumn mornings, white with fern-leafed frost.

I hear again the plaintive, endless bleating
Of sheep in alpine pastures' huddled flocks;
The raucous mountain jay; high call of pika,
Its bright-eyed wariness among the rocks.

These I remember: sudden drums of thunder —
And winter's deep-banked hush — its still white wonder!



Trask's Studio, Franconia, New Hampshire

CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

The Old Man of the Mountain

Martha Robeson Wright

WE stood beside the still waters in the warmth of the early June sun, and except for the occasional chirp of a bird, there was absolute peace and quiet. On the opposite shore of the small, tranquil Profile Lake, 1,060 feet above the green forest on Cannon Mountain, the noble, granite profile of a man gazed ever southeastward, as he had been doing for untold years, in solitary dignity. No one spoke as we looked up at nature's handiwork of classic grandeur. For this was the Old Man of the Mountain, the Great Stone Face of Hawthorne's famous allegory, in the Franconian Notch Pass in the heart of New Hampshire's White Mountains, about which Whittier wrote: "The Great Notch Mountains shone, watched over by the solemn-browed and awesome face of stone."

The mountainous region of the Great Stone Face in the north central part of New Hampshire, in Grafton County, may be reached from United States Highway 3 running north from Boston, Massa-

husetts, or from U. S. 2 running astward from Montpelier, Vermont.

New Hampshire, one of the New England States known as "the Cradle of America," is one of the beauty spots of this continent. The White Mountains, high and in places precipitous, with outcroppings of granite in the heavily wooded peaks, abound with rock formations of weird shapes, like Cannon Rock, Old Lady, Indian Head, and The Watcher. In the White Mountain Glacier Park, you will find a menagerie of stone: elephant, sea lion, polar bear, bear, camel, dog, turtle, rabbit, and fish. Also a "giant's footprint" embedded in the granite. As "keeper of the zoo" is the stone face of George Washington. The Polar Caves, the "rock garden of the giants," are like nothing else on the North American continent, formed of granite, whereas most caves are of limestone.

But to me, the most thrilling sight was that of the Old Man of the Mountain, viewed by over fifty million people since its discovery by white men in 1805. It brought back Hawthorne's mythical village at the base of the mountain, where the inhabitants, year after year, sought to find a man whose nobility of spirit would cause him to resemble the noble profile of the Great Stone Face, only to realize that Ernest, one of their own number, had become the living counterpart.

It is believed that the likeness was carved by the severeness of the Franconian winters, after eruptions, millions of years ago, of earthquakes and glowing lava that spewed itself over the region, where it cooled into the rock now known as Conway granite. Over the centuries, erosion, landslides, and water, slowly carried off the top-soil and exposed the granite to the elements, leaving the Notch and the peaks as they are today. Then a mighty glacier covered them with ice and snow for thousands of years. It left the high southeast cliff of Cannon Mountain bold and steep. Rain, sleet, and snow of the severe winters seeped into the cracks, expanding the rocks and causing tons of them to slide from the cliff. This left ledges blending into each other and forming the Profile. Finally, the frost broke away a thirty-ton block of granite that slid down to form the Profile's forehead.

Thus, the Old Man of the Mountain, forty-eight feet from the tip of his forehead to the bottom of the chin, stood for centuries, apparently unnoticed by Indian tribes in the region, for no mention of it can be found in the Indian legends.

NEW Hampshire history records that a narrow path had been broken through the Notch by Indian war parties driving white captives to remote bases. As the colonists drove the Indians back, the first freight was transported through the Notch in 1771, and the little town of Franconia was settled in 1774, but it was not until 1805 that a road was built and the Great Stone Face was discovered. Two parties of surveyors claim to have this distinction. One is that Luke Brooks and Francis Whitcomb stopped by Profile Lake to wash and drink. They straightened up, and one saw the Old Man of the Mountain. The other version is that Nathaniel Hall,

also a road worker, went out early in the morning to shoot partridges for breakfast. He happened to look up and hurried back to camp to tell of his discovery.

At first, the news spread slowly. Most of the visitors arrived on horseback to see Mt. Washington, 6,293 feet high, but went on to view the face after a guidebook was issued in 1823. Hawthorne visited the Old Man in 1832 and wrote his famous story. Presidents Jackson and Pierce, Lafayette, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, and Daniel Webster came to marvel. In 1869 President Ulysses S. Grant came to try the new cog railroad, the first of its kind in this country, to the top of Mt. Washington. He visited the Old Man and spread the word. He was followed by President Cleveland, William Cullen Bryant, Jenny Lind, Mary Baker Eddy, and Henry Ward Beecher.

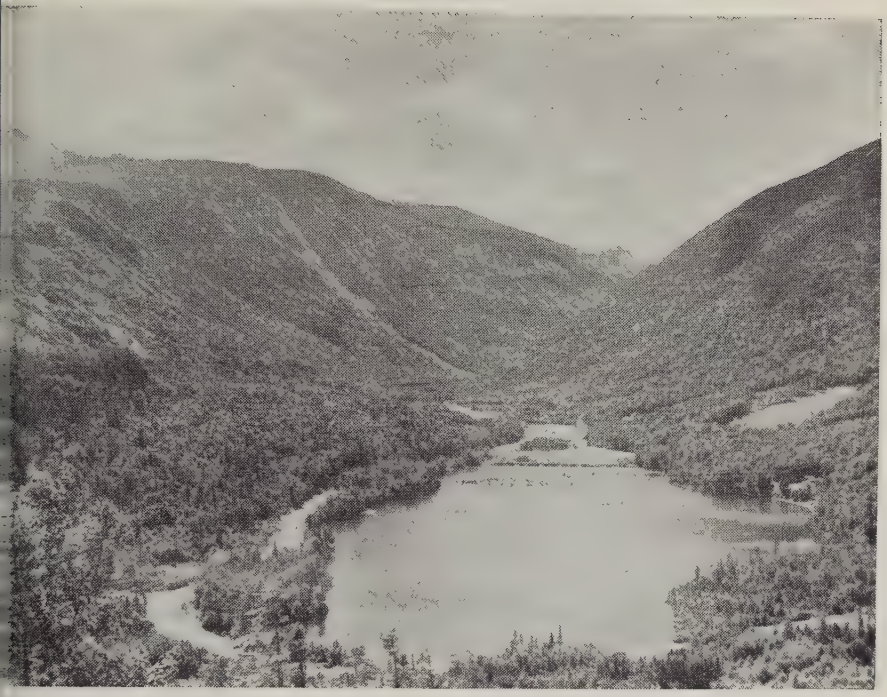
In 1880, when an Appalachian Mountain Club group climbed to the top of the Great Stone Face, they discovered that prying fingers of frost were tilting the great stone that formed the forehead. If the stone tumbled, it would break the nose, and the Old Man would be ruined forever. Surveying experts decided it would be impossible to avert the catastrophe.

The Reverend Guy Roberts, whose devotion and writings gave him the title of "Valet to the Old Man of the Mountains," waged a successful campaign to save the Profile. He climbed to the top in 1906, taking pictures and measurements, and searched for years for someone who would believe the Old Man could be repaired. In August 1915, he met E. H. Geddes, manager of a Massachusetts stone quarry, who became interested and climbed up with the Reverend Roberts to inspect the forehead. They found that if it slid four inches, it would fall. Mr. Geddes anchored the boulder, hoping it would hold. Almost a year later, in June, upon inspection, they found the forehead had moved one and a half inches between their visits.

THE two men finally convinced Governor Rolland Spaulding that something must be done before it was too late. State funds were provided, and the work started before winter came. Three sets of anchor irons three to six feet long and two inches thick were finished by late September. Nearly a ton of gear, including anchors, tools, food and water was hauled to the top. As help was lacking, Mr. Geddes, who was fifty years old, carried most of it up himself. There was no trail, the way was steep and rough, with dense clouds often hiding all landmarks. Mr. Geddes' fingers were frostbitten, and the slippery footing threatened to toss him to death hundreds of feet below, but with holes drilled in the rock and the ledge behind, steel blocks were inserted and cemented. Anchor chains were fastened to the eyes in blocks and drawn tight with turn buckles. The work was finished in eight days. In 1927 and 1937 inspections were made, and the last repair work was done when Mr. Geddes, at seventy-one, supervised the work.

By this time the State of New Hampshire had taken over.

After the Profile House, the hotel built to house the many visitors, had



Trask's Studio, Franconia, New Hampshire

ECHO LAKE AND THE FRANCONIAN NOTCH PASS, NEW HAMPSHIRE

burned down in 1923, its operators, who owned most of the Notch, decided not to rebuild. Fearing that the Notch might be stripped by lumber firms who were eager to bid, the people of New Hampshire clamored to save it. An appropriation of $200,000 was raised to buy the Old Man of the Mountain and its surroundings. But the hotel owners wanted $400,000 for their entire holdings of 6,000 acres, which included the Old Man, Flume, Profile Lake, Echo, and Lonesome Lake. James Storrow of Boston, treasurer of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, willed them $100,000. The State House would not give any more money. Finally, the Women's Club in the State took charge and raised the balance with 15,000 contributions.

In 1928, Franconia Notch State Reservation was dedicated as a War Memorial. Ten years later the State opened the Cannon Mountain Aerial Tramway, the first of its kind in North America. Other scenic spots were developed. In 1954, a State team, visiting the top of the Great Stone Face, found the anchors placed there by Mr. Geddes still holding. A few loose stones were cemented.

So the Old Man of the Mountain, the Profile, or the Great Stone Face, is preserved for future generations. Whether the classic story by Hawthorne is still required reading in the schools, I do not know. In this present world of scientific knowledge, strife, and conflict, it is an imaginative tale of nobility and grandeur found at home.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1899

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

RESOLUTION BY THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN: Believing that the two strongest unifying forces of organized effort are human brotherhood and Divine Fatherhood, and rejoicing in the expression of humanitarian principles in the manifold activities of American women, represented by the National Council of Women; therefore, Resolved, That this universal faith in the Divine Fatherhood should be expressed by either vocal or silent prayer at the opening of all sessions of the Council.

—From the Triennial Report

A NOBLE RELIEF SOCIETY WOMAN: The day is quite emblematic, the 80th birthday of our beloved and respected Stake president, Sister M. I. Horne . . . the snow coming down so pure and white is like . . . her grand life has been . . . she has been a model woman, thoroughly domesticated, but modest and unassuming. . . . I well remember how gentle she seemed in conducting the affairs of the society, yet firm in all her ways, but never any arrogance. . . . I do not forget how she would intercede with the sisters to do their duty and laid plans, and persevered in having the society hall built . . . that being completed, paid for and dedicated, how she again planned for the building of a granary. . . . Her family is an example to the community. What a heavenly blessing!

—E. J. S.

MY WARNING

Father, I daily plead, keep me from sin,
Help me a shining light to be,
To help those whom thou hast placed within my care,
That I may lead them back to Thee,
Back to the home from whence, so pure, they came,
This is the prayer I ask in Jesus' name.

—Nellie

MEMORABLE ANNIVERSARY: The 17th of March, anniversary of the first organization of the Relief Society, will be generally observed throughout the organization in some way commemorative of that auspicious occasion, and no doubt the sisters will try to review in some way the work accomplished during the fifty-seven years, though very few are living now who were present then. Only one that we can recall at this present moment, that one is Sister Bathsheba B. Smith, who was at that time not quite twenty years old. The assistant secretary appointed on that occasion, Sister Phebe M. Wheeler, has died during the last few months at Bountiful at a great age. . . .

—Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN WEBER STAKE: Sister Zina D. H. Young addressed the sisters. Said the faces of the Saints were the most beautiful picture she could look upon. Her desire was to comfort and bless the sisters. She had never had a doubt of the divinity of this work, had received a testimony when a child, and felt herself the happiest person in the world.

—Act. Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THE Fine Arts Committee of Mesa, Arizona, choosing from among devotees of all the arts, has named writer Mrs. Orson C. (Bertha) Kleinman "Artist of the Year" for 1958. She received a very handsome plaque and the most flattering of citations. Now eighty-one, Mrs. Kleinman is remembered among Latter-day Saints for her pageant "Message of the Ages." She has since written ten other pageants and is author of a great number of poems, hymns, short stories, and dramas.

CAMILLA KOFFLER, the famous photographer of animals known as Ylla, was the author of *Animals in India*, just off the Harper press. The volume includes a diary of her recent trip in India, with entries recording what she saw and photographed up to two days before an accident which killed her—a fall from a jeep while she was photographing a bullock-cart race.

MRS. TORA SELANDER NELSON, Teasdale, Utah, has changed an abandoned schoolhouse into a museum. Thirty-three years ago, Mrs. Nelson, who was then a citizen of Sweden, visited Utah's flaming canyon country, and was so impressed that she made up her mind to return and make her home in the colored cliffs. Now she has a home and museum filled with art treasures from all over the world, including an Eskimo blanket made of Arctic duck down, and shawls from Kashmir.

CHRISTIE LUND COLES, Provo, Utah, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, and prize-winner in several Relief Society literary contests, has published seventy-six of her recent poems in *Some Spring Returning* (Faucette Publications, Provo, Utah.) The poems are representative of the lyrical gifts and heartfelt understanding of this well-known poet.

GERTRUDE MacLEAN, London, England, in 1921, organized the "Universal Aunts," a helpful society offering to do "anything for anybody at any time." They tend babies, find employment for people, locate houses and apartments, reserve seats at theaters and do research work. They do washings, wave hair, hang curtains, read to the ill or the aged, assist with hobbies, and do catering for parties; they arrange travel tours, buy trousseaux and layettes, act as companions and nurses, and meet trains, airplanes, and busses. "Token" prices are charged for these services, plus a 35c registration fee from all customers.

PRISCILLA J. MILITANTE is the first woman of Philippine ancestry to enter the field of geology. She received Bachelor's and Master's Degrees from the University of the Philippines, and at present is working towards a Doctor's Degree in Geology at Stanford University. She is co-author with Joseph J. Graham of an outstanding study on "Philippine Foraminifera."

EDITORIAL

VOL. 46 MARCH 1959 NO. 3

"Now, Let Us Rejoice"

"For the traditions of the people shall become a legacy which they shall evaluate with rejoicing. . . ."

ONE hundred and seventeen years have passed into the annals of time since the organization of Relief Society, March 17, 1842. More than a century has gone, and we come to another time of special evaluation of our heritage as members of Relief Society. It is a time for us to contemplate, with historic perspective, our traditions, our beliefs, the practices and principles which have guided the lives of our mothers in the generations past, which are now our daily pattern, and which will be the legacy of our daughters.

The gospel came to the women of the early Church as a cause for great rejoicing. From a profound and earnest searching, a glorious fulfillment had come. The generations of the past, the wide and wonderful vistas of their own day, and all the frontiers of the future reaching into the eternities, for them were linked together in the great sunlight of the restoration. Even hardships became opportunities, and the women felt a desire to enrich their individual potentialities and to unite with their sisters that their hands might be strengthened, their spirits uplifted, and their services multiplied.

This rejoicing in the gospel became the luminous horizon for the divinely directed pathway of women.

The sisters of Nauvoo saw the boats ruffling the waves of the wide river, as families arrived day after day to unite with the Church, and the women who were first in the "City of Joseph" considered the needs of the newcomers as "a loud call for relief"—not for the providing of food and housing alone, but for spiritual enlightenment and for kindness and comfort in an alien place.

Long before the formal organization of Relief Society, the women had hoped for a pattern and a design to guide them. When the Prophet Joseph Smith turned the key and gave direction to their efforts, the women rejoiced, for they knew that the blessings of the Lord would be with them in their ministrations.

Thus, the restoration of the gospel and the organization of Relief Society by the Prophet became the first great traditions of the Society, and a beacon light for times to come when membership would be multiplied, when responsibilities would be diverse and far-reaching.

In accordance with instructions, so well expressed by the Prophet, and "in harmony with their natures," the women looked first to the needs of their households, the honoring of their husbands, the rearing of their children, and the tasks of making their homes orderly and beautiful, employing with energy all they possessed of time and talents.

Then afterward they reached out,

with true charity, to serve their sisters, realizing the urgent and special needs of children, the aged, those who were ill, and the ones deprived of close family associations. Their quick and willing footsteps along the streets of Nauvoo were a blessing, and doorways were lighted by their faces. These women, as necessity committees, were the first visiting teachers, establishing a treasured design for Relief Society.

In the early days the women realized the need, also, as we do today, of a favorable environment outside the home in order that their children might grow strong and beautiful and help to build a world suitable for the coming of the Savior. To meet this responsibility, another tradition has become dear to the hearts of Relief Society women — a feeling of devotion to all the auxiliaries of the Church, active participation, and a spiritual dedication to the ways of worship of their children.

Relief Society women realize that the Church cannot prosper and reach the full extent of its glorious destiny unless the governments and the social systems of the earth will permit the telling of the gospel story. So the sisters willingly lend their strength and their influence to the improvement of the larger environment. It is a tradition among Relief Society women that they hold as a privilege and a duty their right to vote in elections, and to accept and honor the opportunity to help direct the affairs of the city, the state, and the Nation, as well as in the world, where their children must live and work out the temporal patterns of their eternal destiny.

The women of Relief Society cherish tenderly their sisterhood, their concern for each other, their kind and loving charity, their blessed companionship. They think of their places of gathering as havens for their singing and their prayers, for their learning and their giving — and for their rejoicing in the gospel.

—V. P. C.

Old Home

Helen M. Livingston

The tree grown tall holds up long arms of shade,
Her leafy fingers spread against the sky.
The brook runs close around the old white wall,
And asters blossom in the field close by.

The wide, deep-seated chairs are on the porch;
The daisies still are growing in the grass.
The evening mists are on the balcony;
The dark-gray shadows linger there and pass.

And who will sit upon the porch tonight?
And who will walk upon the balcony?
The moon, slow-rising, dimly lights each pane;
A bird's low call pours softly, silvery.

Oh, mourning dove, once nestled with your mate,
Within the sheltered tree you call—and wait.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1958

NEW ORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	Formerly Part of	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Auckland	New Zealand Mission	Gertrude Grant	May 18, 1958
Bountiful North	Bountiful and South Davis Stakes	Dora P. Webb	April 20, 1958
Bountiful South	Bountiful and South Davis Stakes	Marilla H. Sessions	April 20, 1958
Cincinnati	Great Lakes Mission	Judith Fish	November 23, 1958
Granger	North Jordan Stake	Ella P. Bennion	June 8, 1958
Kearns	Taylorsville Stake	Esther M. Dimick	February 20, 1958
Kearns North	Taylorsville Stake	Joyce S. Jensen	February 1, 1958
Lewiston	Spokane Stake and Northwestern States Mission	Norma M. Kunkel	December 14, 1958
Monterey Bay	San Jose Stake	LaVee Haws	March 3, 1958
Norwalk	East Long Beach Stake	Norma Schauers	October 29, 1958
Olympus	Holladay Stake	Vera N. Barber	July 20, 1958
Orlando	Southern States Mission	Vela E. Milton	February 23, 1958
Parleys	Highland Stake	Edythe Watson	December 7, 1958
Phoenix North	Phoenix Stake	Ida M. Steele	January 20, 1958
St. Louis	Central States Mission	Lorene Tidlund	June 1, 1958
San Antonio	Houston Stake	Kathryn K. Willis	March 13, 1958
San Diego East	San Diego Stake	Enid Miller	April 20, 1958
Shreveport	Gulf States Mission and Dallas Stake	Evelyn B. Hill	January 26, 1958
Utah State University	East Cache Stake	Hattie B. Maughan	May 18, 1958
Weber Heights	South Ogden Stake	Hilda T. Halverson	December 3, 1958
West Sharon	Sharon Stake	Oda Rasmussen	November 30, 1958
Yuma	California Mission	Louise S. Westover	April 27, 1958

Missions	Formerly Part of	Appointed President	Date Appointed
New Zealand South	New Zealand Mission	Helen W. Anderson	August 15, 1958

REORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	Released President	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Blaine	Louise Price	Melba Thorne	July 18, 1958
Bountiful	Marilla H. Sessions	Ivy W. Richins	April 20, 1958
Canyon Rim	Bertha H. Blonquist	Myrtle H. Rappley	November 23, 1958
Dallas	Allene Bremer	Myrl B. Whiting	March 30, 1958
Deseret	Mary L. Henrie	Ora M. Gardner	October 5, 1958
East Phoenix	Lola Green	Wanda Walker	April 27, 1958
East Provo	Ethel M. Wilson	Fay P. Loveless	January 12, 1958
Florida	Vella V. Tilton	Vida P. Bennett	September 21, 1958
Grand Junction	Evelyn T. McKinnon	Josephine Prinster	June 22, 1958

Stakes	Released President	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Great Falls	Mary W. Hansen	Cora A. Stanard	April 27, 1958
Gunnison	Rebecca M. Anderson	Naomi F. Jensen	April 27, 1958
Highland	Marjory H. Eldredge	Ruby M. Blake	December 7, 1958
Holladay	Elaine B. Curtis	Irene C. Lloyd	June 29, 1958
Houston	Kathryn K. Willis	Zona M. Perry	February 21, 1958
Houston	Zona M. Perry	Madalyn Corrigan	June 22, 1958
Idaho	Elizabeth W. Hatch	Cora S. Hogan	September 14, 1958
Kanab	Elsie J. Brinkerhoff	Esther W. Heaton	September 28, 1958
Klamath	Vesta M. Lewis	Helyn B. Hassell	May 8, 1958
Long Beach	Lenore G. Merrill	Marian Bennett	August 31, 1958
Lost River	Elva J. Beal	Beatrice E. Sorensen	April 20, 1958
Morgan	Eva H. Jensen	Hazel F. Durrant	July 10, 1958
New York	Margaret D. Stephenson	Anna Laura Cannon	March 2, 1958
New York	Anna Laura Cannon	Dessie W. Thomas	December 3, 1958
North Idaho Falls	Ruby F. Olson	Jeanette F. Naegle	May 25, 1958
North Jordan	Ella P. Bennion	Mary Lou Nielson	June 15, 1958
Oahu	Eugenia N. Logan	Lily D. Kama	August 31, 1958
Park	Bernice R. Campbell	Cora F. Hansen	December 14, 1958
Pasadena	Thelma J. Nebeker (deceased July 8, 1958)	Nell L. Ellsworth	September 26, 1958
Raft River	Lona C. Hepworth	Thera E. Harper	May 25, 1958
Rose Park	Betty Jo C. Reiser	Ruth J. Harrison	September 14, 1958
Sacramento	Lesslie H. Stubbs	Emily E. Burr	June 29, 1958
San Diego	Enid Miller	Ida Anderson	April 20, 1958
San Francisco	Gladys R. Winter	Lillian L. Collett	September 22, 1958
San Juan	Margie H. Lyman	Ruth J. Nielson	May 18, 1958
South Blackfoot	Anna P. Wright	Inez S. Pendlebury	July 22, 1958
South Los Angeles	Rose B. Astle	Laura R. Shimp	November 2, 1958
South Ogden	Delora R. Hurst	Mattie G. Ray	September 14, 1958
South Ogden	Mattie G. Ray	Auretta G. Manwaring	November 30, 1958
Star Valley	Eliza L. Robinson	Hazel H. Chadwick	September 21, 1958
Taylor	Margaret W. Ririe	Phoebe H. Norton	May 25, 1958
Uintah	Evyln G. Richardson	Beatrice S. McConkie	December 14, 1958
Union	Mal B. Oveson	Claire P. Ord	June 22, 1958
Walnut Creek	Ellen L. Cook	Genieve M. James	October 5, 1958
Wayne	Thora T. Jackson	Emma A. Sorenson	September 9, 1958
Wilford	Lois Jensen	Amelia S. McConkie	August 24, 1958
Willamette	Erma L. Snowberger	Dora I. Hines	October 26, 1958
Yellowstone	Ida M. Swenson	Vera B. Tibbitts	June 1, 1958

Missions	Released President	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Brazilian	Ida M. Sorensen	Geraldine H. Bangerter	November 6, 1958
British	Irene P. Kerr	Beulah B. Woodbury	October 2, 1958
California	Alta H. Taylor	Lela L. Udall	August 8, 1958
Central States	May J. Dyer	Catherine R. Carpenter	July 30, 1958
Finnish	Hortense B. Robinson	Ruby E. Warner	November 4, 1958
Hawaiian	Maurine H. Haycock	Louise S. Brooks	May 17, 1958
Mexican	Jennie S. Bowman	Rhoda C. Taylor	May 20, 1958
New Zealand	Arta R. Ballif	Jelaire C. Simpson	August 15, 1958
Northern Mexican	Rhoda C. Taylor	Anna W. Bentley	May 20, 1958
South Australian	Adelphia D. Bingham	Velma N. Simonsen	April 8, 1958
Southwest Indian	Lavena L. Rohner	Wilma F. Turley	October 9, 1958

Missions	Released President	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Spanish-American	Nina N. Bowman	Julie Bell Brown	October 30, 1958
Tahitian	Dorothy P. Christensen	Ruth R. Reeder	October 1, 1958
Uruguayan	Sharon Parry	Lois Geniel Jensen	March 7, 1958
Western Canadian	Annie Ruth Larsen	Lila A. Arave	May 28, 1958
Western States	Mildred P. Elggren	Daisy R. Romney	January 17, 1958

Index for 1958 Relief Society Magazines Available

COPIES of the 1958 index of *The Relief Society Magazine* are available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah. The price is 20c, including postage.

Relief Society officers and members who wish to have their 1958 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 33 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement on page 207.) The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.50, leather $3.50, including the index. It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1958 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Dramatization "Women of the New World" Available to Relief Society

An entertaining and educational dramatization "Women of the New World," by Madeline Silver, is available at the office of the General Board of Relief Society. The dramatization portrays effectively important women featured in the 1958-59 literature course. This dramatization could be appropriately used by ward Relief Societies in a closing social. Nine characters are represented, and the time required for presentation would be thirty to forty-five minutes. Price 15c per copy

General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

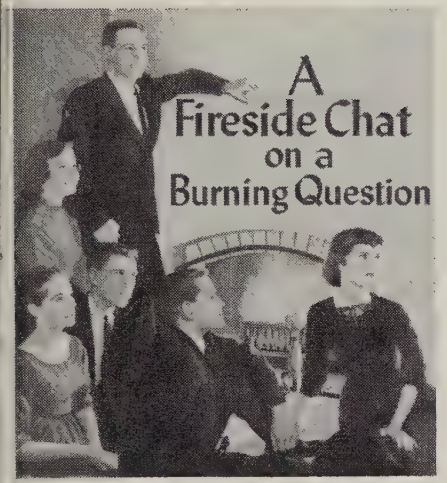
Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

The April 1959 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four outstanding stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"The Day I Turned Eight," by Ilene H. Kingsbury
"Unto the Hills," by Helen Hooper
"Great-Grandmother's Notebook," by Arlene D. Cloward
"The Bishop's Wife," by Sylvia Probst Young

A Fireside Chat On a Burning Question

Freedom and Discipline



A blessed security of direction in our choice of life patterns may be gained from a serious contemplation of our heritage as daughters of Zion. This legacy of physical and spiritual wealth, wide and challenging in its implications, is still a pattern of restraint and discipline.

A woman pioneer to the mountain valleys once remarked, "The fireside and the flame seem always to make a design of my life." She recounted the memory of bright flames leaping above a campfire in the snows of Winter Quarters, and, later, the flare of evening fires along the lonely reaches of the Platte. Her first evening in the wide valley beneath the Wasatch Mountains was warmed by a fire that blazed beside her wagon. The fire in her first stove in her first cabin was the heart of the home. And when she was finally settled in an even more distant place, the big, bulging stove in the meetinghouse became the center of her time of worship. Always the flame and the fire were beautiful to her, but always their use required control and constant watchfulness.

Our life patterns give us freedom or bondage, according to the value or the detriment which inevitably accompanies each established habit. We need to stand in our own tall strength, and then to have a reserve of energy and enthusiasm for offering to those who need us.

It follows, then, that we must eliminate from our lives those habits already acquired which detract from our strength, and we must be ever watchful that no beginning is made on habits which cause us to light a cigarette, "playing with fire" which may lead us into bondage rather than to freedom. It is often necessary to be subject to discipline, if we are to achieve freedom.

When we control our habits we have power; when they control us we are weak. It has been well said that there is no infirmity of body or mind that cannot be helped by seeking the truth, and by reliance upon the ever-available help of our Heavenly Father. The light and beauty of the hearth of home, and the heritage of discipline and freedom, are ours to give direction and purpose to our lives — to help us make the most of our brief years upon the earth.

Recipes From the Central States Mission

Submitted by May E. J. Dyer

Lemon Crumb Crunch

Step 1—

½ c. sugar
2 tbsp. flour
⅛ tsp. salt
1 c. hot water
2 eggs, well beaten
⅓ c. lemon juice
1½ tsp. grated lemon rind

Combine sugar, flour, and salt, then add water and mix well. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add egg mixture; return to stove and cook 2 minutes over hot water, stirring constantly. Next add lemon juice and rind and continue cooking about 1 minute. Remove from stove and cool. Pour over layers of crumb crunch.

Step 2—

Crumb Crunch

½ c. shortening
1 c. brown sugar
1 c. flour
½ tsp. salt
1 c. wheat cereal flakes
½ c. coconut

Mix shortening and brown sugar. Add flour, salt, cereal flakes, and coconut. Place ⅔ of crumb mixture in greased 8-inch square pan, pour filling on top of it, then place remaining ⅓ of crumb mixture on top.

Bake at 350° for 40 minutes. Serves 9. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream or ice cream.

Boiled Raisin Cake

Jennie Jewkes

First Mixture—

1 lb. raisins
2½ c. water
1 c. shortening (scant)

Boil for 10 minutes slowly, and cool.

Second Mixture—

1⅓ c. sugar
½ c. sifted flour
1 tsp. soda (rounded spoon)
2 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. ginger

Add this to first mixture when cool. Bake at 350°. Time: 1 hour; Pans: 2 greased loaf pans.

Rich Brownies

Margaretha Evans

2 eggs
1 c. sugar
¼ lb. butter
1 c. flour
1 c. pecans
1 tsp. vanilla
2 squares bitter chocolate (melted)

Cream butter and add sugar, eggs, melted chocolate, flour, nuts, and vanilla. Bake in moderate oven (350°) for 20 minutes in flat greased pan.

Cream Puffs—Chocolate Eclairs

Gloria Dyer Klein

1 c. flour
1 square butter or shortening
4 eggs
1 c. water

Let water and butter come to a boil, then add flour quickly and mix, cool. When cooled add eggs one at a time beating well with a fork after each addition. Drop batter on greased cooky sheet in shape of eclair or puff. Bake at 450° for ½ hour.

Fillings: For the cream puff, fill it with whipped cream and sprinkle a little powdered sugar on top. For the eclairs fill them with ice cream or vanilla pudding and frost with chocolate frosting.

Fruit Juice Crush

Bessie Martineau

1 large can of juice (pineapple, etc.)
1 pkg. jello (lemon, etc.)

Mix jello, adding one cup of hot juice in place of hot water. Now add to the rest of the fruit juice and place in refrigerator. When partly set, beat with beater and again return to the freezer to freeze. When ready to serve break in chunks and place in electric mixer, beat until right consistency.

Pound Cake

May Dyer

1⅔ c. sugar
1 c. butter or ½ c. butter and ½ c. shortening
5 eggs
2 c. cake flour
pinch of salt
¼ tsp. mace
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
1 pkg. seeded raisins added to flour mixture

Cream sugar, a little at a time, into butter. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour twice, add salt and mace, then add, a little at a time, to creamed mixture. Bake at 350° for 1 hour in loaf or angel food cake pan.

Use lemon frosting made with fresh lemon juice. This icing may be prepared by adding powdered sugar and a lump of butter to fresh lemon juice, and beating the mixture until smooth.

The American National Red Cross and Its Field of Service

O. C. Duckett
Director, Public Information

"IN this world where we must continually combat materialistic, godless, and selfish forces, it is not only our military strength but also our spiritual heritage of selfless devotion to meeting the needs of our troubled fellow man that is going to keep us from coming out second best in the fast, tough league in which we are playing."

That was the declaration of General Alfred M. Gruenther, President of the American National Red Cross, as the organization prepared to launch its annual March campaign for members and funds.

It is this spirit of selfless devotion and of neighborly helpfulness that motivates Red Cross volunteers, he pointed out.

"In my two years in this post as President of the Red Cross, I have been tremendously impressed by the devoted service of our volunteers—2,000,000 of them—who outnumber the Red Cross career staff 146 to one," General Gruenther stated.

Although only a small part of what they do ever becomes known to the general public, the Red Cross volunteers' great contribution to human welfare has become proverbial and has instilled in the American consciousness the trust that the organization enjoys, he declared.

"The strength of the Red Cross lies not solely in the fact that it is an instrument to bind up the wounds of the suffering," General Gruenther continued. "It is an avenue to better understanding between nations that has thus far never been closed."

While there are sharp differences between nations in political and diplomatic matters, there are wide areas of co-operation among the Red Cross societies of the world in matters of human welfare, he pointed out.

"With the support of the American people in renewing their membership in the American Red Cross this year, I am certain that we are going to be able to continue to make the contributions to human welfare that our spiritual heritage demands of us," General Gruenther concluded.

Twilight

Mabel Law Atkinson

Sweet is the cool of meditation after
My task's completed in the sun's warm glow.
My silver hours hold music of young laughter;
I joy to watch my children's children grow.
Their love about me like an accolade,
I walk to meet the night all unafraid.

Rachel Goes to Relief Society

Elizabeth C. McCrimmon

"I DON'T see how I can go to Relief Society meeting today!" fretted Rachel Johnson when she awoke that snowy morning in late winter. She thought of the two-and-a-half-mile drive to the meetinghouse and all the things she had to do at home.

As the only woman on a large ranch southwest of Salt Lake City, she had too much work to do. So, in the morning, she would plan the day's program, seizing on the most pressing things, deciding what she could let go. A good housekeeper, she claimed, knew what to leave undone.

Today, besides the regular chores of feeding poultry and washing the separator, she ought to mop the kitchen linoleum, make cabbage relish, bake bread, and iron, if any of the clothes thawed out enough to be ironed. Right now the frozen underwear flapped on the line like a row of hanging men. Besides, she ought to roast the chicken she had dressed the day before.

On the other hand, the Relief Society needed her. The members of Vista Ward, on the salt flats, were mostly foreign-born women, German and Scandinavian. As an educated American woman, Rachel had been the unanimous choice for secretary. When she thought of her assistant, Anna Weiss, she realized it would be difficult for the Swiss woman to write the minutes in English.

I guess I'd better go, she decided as she jumped out of bed and donned her clothes. The fire was already going in the kitchen range. Nice of Port to start it before he went out. The world looked cold and gray through the windows.

After the breakfast dishes were washed, Rachel kneaded the dough into loaves and left them to rise while she stuffed the chicken. She made the dressing with stale bread crumbs, chopped onion, and celery, with a dash of summer savory and sage. The chicken and the bread would both be ready for the noontime dinner, which on the farm, was the main meal of the day.

I'm glad I fixed the chicken. Farm folks get mighty sick of salt pork by the end of the winter, she thought, as she built up the fire and slipped the bread and chicken into the oven.

The room was filled with fragrant odors when Port came in and washed up for his lunch. He tackled the hot bread and a drumstick with satisfaction, although his wife noticed he seemed preoccupied and worried.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked, as she filled his plate with dressing.

"It's the fence. Unless I get it built across the ice while this cold weather lasts, we're done for."

His wife knew he had to stand on the ice while he drove the stakes in. He couldn't do it after it thawed. The "lake" he referred to was a brackish pond into which the surrounding land drained. The couple had romantically named it "Lake Mirage," just as they called their farm "Oasis Ranch."

THE new place had an insatiable maw that swallowed up all their resources. They eventually hoped to get it on a paying basis. With winter wheat and alfalfa fields it was absolutely necessary to have a secure fence. Port had worked on it at odd times all the previous year. The part across the water he had left until it froze over so he could string the wire while he stood on the ice. Fencing in bad weather was hard work. Rachel's heart had ached over his bleeding hands when, during the winter, he had finally brought the fence up to the edge of the lake.

"Why can't you finish it now?" she asked, looking at him.

"Because I need more posts and two bales of wire."

Rachel's heart sank. She knew they had no money for them.

Port was adamant about borrowing. It was against his principles. He had seen too many farmers ruined by debt. What they couldn't pay for they simply did without. Although the Johnsons had never actually suffered, they had been hard put to at times to make ends meet.

"You have to get these things now?"

"Yes," he replied.

The fence was an absolute necessity. They needed it to keep marauding cattle out and their own few head of stock in.

To the young Johnsons, this green spot was the fulfillment of a dream. To make something grow on the desert gave them supreme satisfaction. Theirs was high ground and somewhat better than the surrounding country, as it had drained through centuries. This desert soil, which had lain idle so long, rich in minerals, was highly productive. Fruit, grain, vegetables raised on it were delicious in flavor, bright in color, plentiful in seed.

They also discovered that the desert was not deserted. Its hungry denizens had moved in on their oasis. The couple had waged warfare against flies, mosquitoes, grasshoppers, field mice, badgers, porcupines, skunks, and coyotes — to say nothing of migrating sheepherds and neighbors' hungry and neglected dogs!

"Can't you buy what you need on credit?" Rachel asked hopefully.

"No."

"Will you hitch up old Wing so I can go to Relief Society this afternoon?" she changed the subject.

After clearing the table, Rachel hurried to her room to get ready to go to the meeting. Her eyes fell on a small plaque by her dressing table. It read "Prayer Changes Things." She said a prayer that her young husband would get what he needed.

When she went out and climbed into the buggy, she discovered that Port had put hot bricks in the bottom to keep her feet warm. Despite the cold, she felt exhilarated as she flicked the whip over the flanks of the Indian pony.

It's a beautiful country, she thought, as she surveyed the vast expanse of white snow in the center of the Salt Lake Valley. To the East loomed the blue-iced Wasatch range, to the west the Oquirrhs were dark and somber.

They are like a ring of steel! she thought. Noticing tracks in circles in the snow, she surmised: That is where a dog has chased a rabbit. Wonder if he caught it?

"Come on, Baldy," she called to her own dog, a black and white shepherd-collie that raced by the side of the horse. Theirs was a little-used road, and her wheels made the first track of the day. She wondered where they would get the money for the fencing across the pond before the ice melted.

"I'M so glad you've come," Sister Jensen greeted her when she arrived at the meetinghouse.

"Isn't Anna here?" Rachel asked the president.

"No. She's home with a cold."

"I'm glad I made it. Quite a lot of women out, considering the weather and how far they have to come." It was cosy and warm inside.

After the meeting, while the women were putting on their coats, Sister Nelson asked: "You wouldn't have any chicken feed to sell, would you, Sister Johnson?"

"Why, we might," Rachel answered, startled. Port stored their grain in a makeshift granary, where he kept it for their own use. "We might have some to spare." They had killed and cured the pigs holiday time. The culls had been weeded out from the poultry. Of course they had more than enough feed to last until the grass would be green again.

"I'd like Brother Johnson to bring me ten bushels of wheat. Here's the money." Sister Nelson handed it to her.

"I'd like five."

"I could use three."

* * * * *

When Rachel arrived home, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, her husband came to meet her. She couldn't wait to tell him as he unhitched the horse.

"Guess what? I've got the money for the posts." She drew the roll of bills from her bag and held it out to him. "Thirty-three dollars. Count it."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the Relief Society women. Several want you to bring them some chicken feed. We can spare it, can't we?"

"I guess we can," he answered slowly. "Funny, I never thought of that!"

Song of a Tree

Dorothy J. Roberts

Through the eyes' small wicket enter,
Tall tree garbed in the robe of spring.
Tell with the leaf-cut symbol and the swaying
Stamens hung with a distant death;
Speak in the kindest tongue of earth;
Whisper the wakening wonder, birth.
Murmur of the green shoot in the breath;
The rhythm, known, of spent and yearn—
Green voice singing in the choir of wood,
Till the song be bird on bough and understood.

The Second Mile

Effie K. Driggs

Northwestern States Mission Relief Society President

HAVE you ever flown low over the tundra, with the Bering Sea on your left and reindeer herds below you, to make a visiting teachers' call? That thrilling experience came to Sisters Calysta Stratford and Sonoma Y. Toolson—two members of the Northwestern States Mission Relief Society Presidency — on a recent trip to Alaska.

It was a "first" for the mission, when, under the direction of the Mission President Douglas H. Driggs and Mission Relief Society President Sister Effie K. Driggs, it was decided to hold Relief Society conventions for the six branches in the Alaska District. Our new Forty-ninth State has in its confines some of the most faithful members of the Relief Society in all the Church. Though far away and few in number, this district of the mission has great spirit — the pioneer spirit which built this Church, and which will build that great new State.

At the close of the last convention in Fairbanks, Sisters Stratford and Toolson were told that in Nome, Alaska, there are only two members of the Church — a man and wife — who keep their contact with the Church by way of the Sunday morning radio program, and as the program "sign-off" comes from the "Crossroads of the West," these two people have a Sunday School service and read the scriptures.

COUNSELORS IN NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY VISIT IN ALASKA

Counselors Calysta Stratford and Sonoma Y. Toolson in Juneau, Alaska

Can you imagine how hungry that sister was to talk to another sister of her own faith or to have the visiting teachers call?

With adventure and dedication in their hearts, Sister Stratford and Sister Toolson boarded a plane for Nome to make a visiting teachers' call. Nome, the land of storied adventure, land of the mighty Yukon, a long way, yes, but when the plane landed, and they found this sister they were paid a thousand fold. They had never seen each other before, but strangers they were not, for they were all three Relief Society sisters.

The "visit" lasted five hours, surely a long time for one "call," but as they waved farewell a prayer rose heavenward, "Father, reward her for her devotion."

Silhouette

Mabel Jones Gabbott

How shall I fashion this day—so new and near—
One day cut from the fabric of my life?
Will it have simple lines and grace, as clear
As sun-brushed skies in spring? Will inner strife

And clouded eyes distort the silhouette,
And blur all birdsong, fuse each fragile shade
Of budding tree, and grass, and violet
Into a futile dullness, somber-grayed?

Or will the pattern of this day seek high
And lilting contours unlike any other known,
Surprising nuances of soul that I
Knew not, like quaffs of apple-bloom, wind-blown?

What Is a House For?

Leona F. Wintch

WHEN Junior wants to play "choo-choo" train with your chairs, and Mary wants to play house, do you send them over to Jane's to play? Are you spending your life cleaning, and children must be kept out of the house so that it will be "just so" for callers?

A well-ordered home is essential to well-being. But children can learn the rules of the home game, and they will play fair. They will tidy up after playing, and put things back where they belong, if you teach them well.

When the children grow to adolescence, they will be more likely to spend their leisure time at home with the family, if they are allowed to live in the house when they are small.

Love Me Tomorrow

Rosa Lee Lloyd

VIVIAN sped upstairs to read David's special delivery letter.

"Dinner is almost ready, Viv," Julie called after her.

Vivian didn't answer. Closing the bedroom door, she leaned back against it, breathlessly. David had promised not to write or telephone until she decided to marry him and go to the mountains of South America for the next five years, a big opportunity for a mining engineer.

"Give me one week away from you, David," she had coaxed him, "and I will make up my mind. The studio will give me a vacation."

"If you love me. . . ." he had begun.

"But I do love you, David. So much that I have to be fair with you. I want to be sure I am willing to give up my weekly singing spot on TV to go with you."

So she had come to Springville, her home town, to visit her schoolgirl chum, Julie Hansen, her husband Ken, and their three-year-old twins. But it had only plunged her deeper into doubt and confusion.

Touching David's letter brought him close again; his honest eyes, his deep persuasive voice, like warm honey, his tallness and dark bushy hair, defying popular style.

Vivian closed her eyes, holding the letter against her cheek. Was love enough? Would it compensate for the success she had slaved for and the satisfaction she knew each week on her nation-wide program?

Sighing wistfully, she opened David's letter.

My darling:

I know I promised to let you have your week undisturbed, but word came from Haskin that I must leave a week earlier than our original plans.

I don't want to go without you, Sweetheart, but you must make up your mind by yourself. All I can say is that I love you and will do everything I can to make you happy. We will have to make arrangements for our temple marriage earlier than we had planned, if you say yes.

Waiting for your answer,

David

A week earlier! The thought struck vividly across her heart. How could she let him go to that faraway place without her? Should she go with him? Life there was almost primitive, he had warned her. No beauty salons or restaurants, no laundries, only untrained native women to help with housework.

"Oh, Vivy!" Julie called from the hall below. "Get a move on. Ken is starving."

"I'm coming," she called back, as she put the letter carefully in her suitcase. She would answer it later when she could think clearly. She hadn't told Julie or Ken about David because she didn't want them to influence her decision.

THE thump, thump of a ball bouncing against the wall in the next room meant that Sissy and Bud had gotten out of bed, although Julie had bathed and fed them an hour ago. The adorable little rascals, Vivian thought, indignantly. All Julie does is cook and clean and tend those children. No wonder she looks so tired by the time Ken comes home from his dental office.

Marriage, she concluded, was a very demanding job.

Her lips twisted as she hurried downstairs. Julie did everything to please Ken. Work, work, work every minute, washing, ironing, cooking, and tending romping, yelling children. Ken took it all for granted.

Sliding into her chair, she looked across the dinner table at Julie. Her dark, curly hair was limp and she kept her hands folded which hid her chipped nail polish. She was so tired her eyes looked too big for her face. Vivian's heart reached out to her. Marriage had made a slave of Julie, and if she married David, she thought, fearfully, she would become a slave, too.

"Would you like the wishbone?" Ken asked Vivian as he served the chicken. He flashed his white smile at her, and she noticed how boyish he looked with his fair hair in a short stubble.

"Don't tempt me, Ken," she pleaded. She must keep her twenty-four-inch waistline.

Lifting her satiny blond head, she smiled at Ken.

"Just give me some carrots. And if Julie doesn't mind, I'll have a slice of that lean beef in the refrigerator."

"Why, of course, Viv," Julie answered. "I know you have to stay thin."

Vivian hurried to the refrigerator, hoping she hadn't hurt Julie; but Ted Tolliver, her manager, wouldn't permit her to gain weight. "Remember your audience," he had warned her when she asked for a week off. "They love you just as you are. Don't let them down."

Hurrying back to the table, she promised herself she wouldn't let them down if she had to starve.

Ken had served Julie. Vivian frowned at her heaped-up plate; two potatoes, thick slice of chicken, and a pool of gravy. Julie's figure was small, but she had gained weight lately.

Julie ate the plateful of hot rolls besides.

"Look, honey," Ken was saying to her. "How about this drumstick?"

"I really shouldn't . . ." Julie hesitated. "I'm getting fat."

"Not you!" he laughed.

Vivian wet her lips. How could Ken possibly believe that Julie wasn't fat? He should have his eyes examined.

"Say, Viv." He turned to her. "How would you like to see our colored slides after dinner? We have some good ones of Julie and the twins."

"I'd love it," she agreed. "But first let's catch my TV show. I want to see whom they substitute in my spot."

"Okay," he answered. "I'll do the dishes while you girls see that program. Julie needs to relax."

Swallowing hard, Vivian bent her head.

"Why, Ken!" Julie scolded. "You must see Viv's program, too! We'll let the dishes go."

"Oh, sure!" His face reddened. "I didn't mean. . . ."

SITTING on the big sofa, Vivian watched Ken adjust the television set.

"I love your program," Julie said, as the picture came on.

Vivian listened tensely when the announcer explained that they were introducing a new star, Sara Lyn

Wallace, who would substitute for Vivian Burton.

Ted Tolliver had promised they would not put a big name in her spot, but, after the first glimpse of Sara Lyn, Vivian wished they had!

It would have been kinder if they had substituted a professional who wasn't trying to make her first big hit. Sara Lyn was seventeen; her eyes had a twinkle, and her voice was warm and vibrant. She was slim as wire, too, and twice as electric!

The applause that followed at the end of the program, almost shattered Vivian. Even Ken, who would rather have seen the fights, was beaming admiration.

Julie touched Vivian's hand.

"She isn't as good as you are, Viv," she consoled. "You are the very tops. I have always envied you so much. Just think of having a nation-wide audience that adores you!"

Vivian shuddered. Didn't anyone realize it was harder to stay at the top than to get there?

"How about those slides now?" Ken asked her.

"Anytime," she said, forcing a smile.

At least she wouldn't have to talk while Ken showed them. She could sink down in this nice, soft lounge and wallow in her misery. It's so cruel, Vivian thought. She had slaved to get that spot, and hadn't eaten enough to feel alive. And she had been foolish enough to give Ted a chance to put someone in her place. Now she would have to win her audience all over again.

Absorbed in her own troubles, Vivian hardly noticed the white screen Ken had put up, but she roused herself when he began to speak.

"This is Julie in our garden," he was saying, and his voice had tenderness in it, and pride. "Notice how dark her hair looks against those red roses. I always say I have the prettiest wife in the world, Viv."

Vivian couldn't answer. That picture of Julie wasn't flattering. Her hair was blowsy and needed a good brushing.

During the next hour she looked at slides of Julie and the children taken in the mountains, in the parks, beside the car, on the highway, and in every room in the house. Ken's voice was a continual chant of praise and love.

Vivian's eyes moved to Julie curled up in a big comfortable chair. Sissy and Bud had crept downstairs and were crowded in beside her. Julie didn't look tired anymore. Her eyes were star-drenched with happiness. She radiated beauty, and in spite of her straggly hair and extra weight, there was a little aura of enchantment about her that all women have who are very sure that they are truly loved.

KEN turned around, smiling at Julie. He was showing a picture of her hanging up Sissy's and Bud's little shirts on the clothesline in the back yard. She looked ready to drop with fatigue.

"Remember that day, honey?" he asked. "I brought Steve Benson home for lunch unexpectedly. When I saw you out there I ran for the camera, yelling at you not to frown. Have you really forgiven me?"

Julie smiled up at him. Their eyes caught and held in a long,

understanding moment. Vivian watched them, fascinated.

Julie's eyes were saying: Of course I forgive you, darling. No work is too hard so long as you appreciate me. And Ken's eyes answered: Thanks, Julie, for being my wife. Thanks for the babies and the washday and the million things you do for us.

A wonderful new magic stirred in Vivian's heart. She had just seen the meaning of marriage poised on a pinpoint of time. She could hardly breathe for the hot lump in her throat. Julie had said she envied her; Julie thought it would be wonderful to have a television audience adore you. Julie didn't realize the audience didn't remember the hours you had slaved and the things you had sacrificed to hold them.

A strangely quiet Vivian watched Ken carefully roll up the screen and put it away. Julie has an audience all her own, Vivian thought, wistfully; an audience that still applauds even though she has gained a little weight and doesn't have her hair just perfect. An audience that will love and appreciate her more and more while time changes her outward appearance.

Vivian took a long, quivering breath as she got to her feet and hurried to the telephone to call David. After all, life in a mining town couldn't be too hard when you had the gospel and a husband who truly loved you. It might even be wonderful!

Window Lilies

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Summoned by the valley lark
And compassed by spring shafts of light,
A brown bulb, waking in the dark,
Sent new leaves to reach the window site.

And window lily gifts appeared,
Secret parcels numbering four,
Half-blown waxen blooms that cleared
A mystery of flower lore.

Morning came like candle glow
And lilies wearing claret dress,
Threw back their calyx wraps to show
Silent, regal queenliness.

Hal Rumel

ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE WILLIAMS

The Angel Tree

(For a Baby Announcement Party)

Helen Spencer Williams

WHAT could be sweeter for a child's room or a baby announcement party than this little angel tree?

This tree is a rustic branch of scrub oak. Most any kind of tree with tiny branches will do, and Florence Williams broke hers from a tree out in her garden, then she sprayed it with white, quick-drying enamel, and while the paint was drying she found a flower pot and filled it with plaster of Paris then placed the tree in it while the plaster was still moist. Then the tree was all ready for its branches to hold baskets, baby dolls, and little angels.

She had shopped at the five and dime stores for baby dolls about two and a half inches long and tiny baskets with handles. Next she

went to a display store for angel hair and for the smallest of small flower lights with white wire to light the tree.

The little baskets were sprayed with gold, and when thoroughly dry, she lined them with the down-like angel hair. Then she nestled a baby doll in each basket and hung it on the tree.

Over each one she placed an angel doll with arms outspread as if to protect and guard the babe sleeping so innocently in the golden basket cradle beneath.

The tree is lighted with little white lily globes which give a soft white glow and illuminate the golden baskets.

The angel trees stands in a bed of angel hair which catches the highlights from the tree and flower globes, giving an ethereal feeling as if the tree, babes, and angels were resting on a heavenly cloud.

The angel tree, whether it is on a table, mantle, or in a child's room brings forth an irresistible "oh" and "ah" from young and old alike, for there is nothing sweeter in the whole world than a little babe asleep in a golden cradle with a guardian angel hovering near.

Grandma's Crazy Quilt

Elizabeth MacDougall

The crazy-quilt on Grandma's bed
Is eloquent
With memories of other years.
Each piece, a record carved with shears,
Recalls some well-loved home event
Or incident.

These patches, framed in catch-stitched thread,
With finished art,
Present mementoes, gay and stern,
Re-echoing days of no return,
Etched in nostalgic counterpart
Upon my heart.

Hold Everything!

Sylvia Pezoldt

A package of plastic clothespins can be a "silent servant" around the house. Buy them in assorted colors, assign a color to each member of the family, and the novelty as well as convenience will pay off. Thus Johnny's overshoes can be clamped together with a red clothespin; a blue one will hold Susie's gloves in pairs; father's mail is secure in a green clip; and mother can have her grocery list handy in bright yellow jaws.

Johnny can tell which are his handkerchiefs and which belong to his father, by clips attached. Susie knows the stationery she can use will be marked with a blue pin, even in the drawer with mother's best. Since most of the plastic pins have a hole in the long side, one can be hung to hold a recipe handy for following. Another in the hall or near the coat closet can carry reminders or letters to be mailed. Paper dolls will be firm and unwrinkled if they rest in a clothespin clasp between sessions of play. In fact, there is no limit to the possibilities of these sparkling helpers.

You Can Sew — XIII — Selection of Children's Clothes

Jean R. Jennings

SEWING for children of all ages is, no doubt, one of the most important phases of the home-sewing program. Fortunate, indeed, are children whose mothers sew with skill and a flair for fashion rightness.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the importance of fashion in children's clothing. Even though there are always stable styles, such as pinafores, smocked dresses, the standard frocks with full skirts and tight-fitting bodices, there are new innovations in styles and materials which are noteworthy.

Children can and should be as aware of good taste and good grooming as their elders. Early training along this line can save much unhappiness and personal difficulty in later years. The very young respond to what they are wearing, and this does not change as they grow older. Many behavior problems stem from dull, drab, unbecoming, or uncomfortable clothing.

The selection of fabrics appropriate for children's clothes and colors that are becoming should always be a vital phase of sewing for children. Clothes can be chosen with a view to suiting the child's personality. His physical characteristics of coloring and type must be taken into consideration, as well as his habits of action. The dainty, demure little girl will no doubt look her best in clothing different from that worn by a sturdy, active type. The influence of a mother's good taste and guidance can be of value to boys and girls all their lives.

Clothes for children can be made just as attractive, just as becoming, as the ready-made ones. Mothers, in their sewing, must pay attention to important little details to achieve this. Too often they are impelled by economy to buy cheap fabrics, instead of buying the best available, appropriate fabric. If these nicer materials are styled with an eye to becomingness, fit, and fashion, they could no doubt duplicate, at a fraction of the cost, the attractive garments shown in the most exclusive shops.

Top designers of children's clothes never skimp on skirt fullness. They use two full widths for the perky look. They make deep hems — the deeper the better. They make collars appropriately narrow and, if tiny pockets and tinier puffed sleeves are needed for a chic appearance, that is the way the dresses are made. They size clothes to fit when new, not for children to grow into. Too many mothers make or buy clothes that never look their best because they are old and shabby before they fit. (Let-out possibilities will be treated in a later lesson.) Designers say that mothers too often lose the style of their children's clothes in their desire to be practical. There should be no compromise with becomingness at any age. A grain of practicality is fine, if all style is not sacrificed for it.

THE actual savings accomplished by a mother who sews can be of great importance in any budget. More clothes are possible and, in

addition to this, clothes can be made individually becoming. A clever seamstress can learn to "fit out" physical defects in her children and compensate for "the awkward age" when they are growing up and nothing seems to fit.

Chest and waist measurements are important in cutting clothes to fit children. Rarely are individuals of the same age exactly the same size. Alter the size of pattern pieces to fit the child's own measurements. This is done in accordance with pattern instructions.

Make sure that shoulders are not too wide. Scarcely anything is as annoying and conducive to bad temper as a shoulder seam that drops down and catches the arm every time it is raised. It is equally bad in appearance.

Waistlines look better on girls, as well as boys, if they are properly located — not too high and certainly not too low. The length of a little girl's skirt is every bit as important to her smart appearance as is her mother's.

There are certain fabrics that are always favored for children. There will be new designs and new colors from season to season, but, in the main, smooth surfaces that are easy to iron and avoid picking up lint and dirt are preferable to novelty weaves. Sunfast colors are essential in children's clothes, and fabrics should be firm enough to hold buttons and buttonholes or hammer-on snaps.

At a time when the choice of fabrics is almost limitless, it seems that the wise mother should choose for her children the ones that are easy to care for. Any child will be happier in clothes he doesn't have to worry about spoiling. All budgets will be happier without big cleaning bills. So why not dress the children exclusively in clothes that can be laundered easily? You will find in this class plenty of sturdy types, as well as those that are dainty and very dressy in appearance.

Start today to make the careful selection of style, color, and fabric the first important step in a successful family sewing venture.

The Value of a Smile

Myrtle S. Hyde

MY small son, only two and a half years old, looked up at me and said, "Smile, Mommy." His request startled me, but I smiled.

I thought about his words for quite awhile, and realized that I was often too intent upon getting the work done, the little, dirty hands washed, or the shoes tied to smile at my child.

I have tried to smile more often, and it works wonders. We have more happy moments, and the distance of years between us is made oblivious because, as we smile at one another, I am not mother and he child; we are just two people who are happy together.

Lily E. A. Miner Makes Satin Quilts for Her Grandchildren

LILY E. A. Miner, Salt Lake City, Utah, at the age of seventy-eight, has thirty-three grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. Nearly all of them have been given a satin crib quilt, beautifully designed and stitched with meticulous care. Mrs. Miner has made hundreds of doilies, centerpieces, tablecloths, and many other pieces of fancy-work. She loves to work on quilts at Relief Society work meetings. In fact, Mrs. Miner and Relief Society have been inseparable for many years. She has been a Relief Society visiting teacher for more than forty-five years and has continuously made a one hundred per cent record, except for one year when she spent part of the time in California. She was born in Fairview, Sanpete County, and still loves that beautiful valley with its borders of high mountains and its wide green meadows. She is still busy crocheting and making quilts. Last spring she made a "Signature" quilt, embroidering the name of her husband, her own name, and the names of their nine children, each on a separate block, with quilted blocks alternating. She is now making a red, white, and blue, star quilt.

Faith

Iris W. Schow

Faith is the crocus at the snowdrift's edge;
The unfelt hand laid on the heart that grieves;
The gleam of light beyond the blackest dark;
The stanch white rose among the cypress leaves.

The Silver Leash

Chapter 3

Beatrice Rordame Parsons

Synopsis: LaRue Harding, an orphan, who has lived since childhood in California with an aunt, goes to Fivelakes, Arizona, after the death of her sister Amelia. LaRue finds that her brother-in-law Herbert Vetterly is confined to a wheel chair and his children seem to be alienated from him, and hostile towards LaRue. She tries to make friends with the children, and Connie shows her the town, including the Jonas Harding Hospital, where she meets Dr. Alan Rutherford and his fiancee Gladys Drew.

A few mornings later, LaRue awoke to find shadows moving against the outside of the Venetian blinds. She thought fearfully of Gila monsters and small green lizards, then was ashamed of her vivid imagination as she realized that the shadows were nothing more than the branches of trees stirring sleepily in the desert wind.

But she was sure that something had awakened her. An unaccustomed sound. She listened tensely. There it was again, a timid rap at the panel of her door.

She found her voice to call, shakily: "Who is it?"

Connie's brown, tousled head appeared in the open door. She wore a blue robe, blue scuffs, and she smiled when she saw LaRue.

She asked, plaintively: "Aunt LaRue, Erma won't talk to me. Mommy always talked to me when I woke so early in the morning. Can I talk to you?"

LaRue glanced at the clock. It was a little after five, but the dawn was already pink in the sky outside the blinds. She found something pathetic in Connie's words, and made a place beside her.

"I'll be glad to talk, darling."

Connie crept up on the bed and arranged her blue robe closely about her. Her eyes caught the amber, cut-glass bottle on the empty dressing table, and she wrinkled her brows.

"It's very pretty, Aunt LaRue. It looks very old. Why did you bring it with you?"

"Because," said LaRue with a smile, "I've had it a long time. Since I was about your age. Your mother gave it to me when she went away from San Francisco. I've kept it as a symbol. . . ."

"Symbol?" Connie didn't know the word.

LaRue explained: "A symbol is something . . . a dream, perhaps. . . ." Was Amelia really only a dream? "It's something we want. . . ." She was conscious of how much she wanted Amelia's love. She hurried on: "A symbol is something or someone we love very much. We all have symbols, Connie."

Connie shook her head sadly. "Daddy doesn't. Not since Mommy died."

The child's words cut into LaRue's heart. She drew her closer and nestled Connie's brown head against her cheek. Her words came tenderly.

"Your Daddy has three symbols, darling. Erma, Joel, and you!"

Connie laughed, and her eyes sparkled for a moment. "Funny

symbols!" Then the sparkle fled and she said: "Daddy has forgotten us, Aunt LaRue."

LaRue tried to deny it. "He hasn't forgotten you. It's just that he. . . ." How could she tell Connie that her father was like a hurt, wounded creature hiding from life?

Connie said softly: "Aunt LaRue, does God hear our prayers?"

LaRue could assure the child of that. "He always hears them, Connie, if we have faith. He always gives us what is best for us."

The child's face was pinched, doubtful. Her voice was tremulous.

"But I've prayed and prayed that Daddy would listen to Dr. Alan. That he would have an operation. But Daddy is . . . scared!" Connie was scared, too, LaRue knew.

She also knew that Herb would be taking a chance. It seemed pointless to raise Connie's hopes by promising that her father would soon get well. LaRue felt that they should change the conversation. She hit upon an idea.

"LET'S you and I surprise Mrs. Johnstone and get breakfast ready this morning."

"Oh, let's," cried Connie, clapping her hands, sunshine breaking out in her small face. She rushed to her bedroom to get dressed, and joined LaRue in the kitchen.

Sun-ladders climbed the pretty wallpaper in Amelia's neat kitchen as the light came through the snowy curtains. LaRue found a blue tablecloth, and Connie set yellow-sprigged dishes at each place in the breakfast nook.

Erma came in, her eyes wide with astonishment to find LaRue at the stove. She gave her aunt a brief, "Good morning," and sat down at the table.

Joel came in. His brown crew-cut was still damp from his morning shower. He, too, was surprised to see LaRue turning eggs in the frying pan. But he just grunted his "Hi," and took his place.

Herb rolled his rubber-tired chair to the table and asked for the blessing. Connie bent her head until her long braids fell over her shoulders and said the words.

As soon as she was finished, she cried happily: "Aunt LaRue cooked French toast. She always cooks it when she's in San Francisco."

Erma and Joel ate in silence. Herb said: "It's very good." But he ate very little.

LaRue thought painfully: They are all so quiet. As though they were strangers. Breakfast, she told herself, should be a family time. The time when a family, rested, calm, meets for the first time in the day feeling happy, for family prayers.

But there was no more prayer—except, perhaps, the ones which each uttered in silence. Erma and Joel lost no opportunity to be sharp with each other and Connie. Connie chatted continually, filled with gossip which she had overheard. She had been too much with older people since her mother died. She was whispering to her aunt in a tone that carried around the silent table.

"Aunt LaRue, did you know that Gladys Drew was engaged to Earl Meeghan before Dr. Alan?" She looked proud of her knowledge. "I heard one of the neighbors telling Janice's mother that Gladys and Earl had had a fight. He rushed out of town because he's a salesman. Then Gladys got herself engaged to

Dr. Alan out of spite. But Earl's coming home for the Festival. Then maybe Gladys will change her mind and. . . ."

Her father's tone was loud, imperative. "Connie, that's only gossip. I wish you wouldn't evesdrop on the neighbors' conversations. Besides, your aunt isn't interested in. . . ."

"She is so!" Said Connie insistently. "She's asked a lot of questions about Dr. Alan."

LARUE flushed, confessed: "I did ask questions. About the hospital. . . ." Her voice failed. She had asked other things. "Please don't blame Connie. Perhaps I've encouraged her to gossip. . . ."

"Nobody needs to encourage her," snapped Erma crossly. "She tells everything she knows."

"I *like* to tell," said Connie shamelessly. "People are interested when I talk." Her smile was triumphant. "I know you went out with Bob Powers last evening. I saw his car waiting around the corner. He didn't come in."

"I didn't ask him," said Erma angrily.

Connie turned to LaRue, said conversationally: "I think they probably went to the drugstore for a soda. Bob goes to the U, and he doesn't have much money. He can't afford. . . ."

"*Father!*" For the first time Erma appealed to Herb. "Does that awful child have to tell everything? It's nobody's business. . . ."

"It's my business," said her father, levelly. "I wish you'd bring Bob in. I'd like to get acquainted." He turned to Connie, said with authority: "Connie, after this, don't tattle on your sister. She can explain."

Connie, close to angry tears, said raggedly: "But you haven't asked Joel to explain about those things that got stole from the used car lot. The police were asking questions. I heard Mrs. Johnstone talking about it to one of the neighbors, and. . . ."

"What is this, Joel?" His father's voice was explosive. "I've heard nothing of it!"

There was a stubborn line to Joel's chin. "It wasn't I!" He grew belligerent. "Connie doesn't have to tattle. What if some kids did take some things? I can't blame them. They need things. They don't have much money. . . ."

"Joel," his father's tone was thunderous, "you're losing your sense of value. You know it's wrong to steal."

"I said it wasn't I," muttered Joel.

"I want you to stay away from those boys," said his father angrily.

Joel sulked. "A fellow's got to have a pal, hasn't he?"

LaRue saw by Joel's face that he was remembering that his father had not been his pal for a long time.

Silence stretched about the table. The children sat there, hurt, angry, without looking at each other. Herb's face was pale and strained as he excused himself and wheeled his chair into his bedroom.

Erma folded her napkin and left the table. Joel tossed his at the side of his plate and left the house. Only Connie remained, anger going slowly out of her face. As LaRue cleared the dishes, Connie tagged at her aunt's heels, spreading gossip like jam on bread.

LaRue spoke sharply: "Connie, you've been too much with older

people. Don't you have anyone to play with?"

Connie's face was suddenly still. "Of course. There's Janice and Ethyl, lots of other girls. But I like to be with you."

LaRue's heart was touched, but she said: "Connie, your father doesn't like you to gossip. It's a very bad habit to get into. After this, please go out and play with the other girls." She saw that Connie was hurt, and said quickly: "Try to understand, darling. It's only that . . . ."

"You don't love me," said Connie harshly. "You don't love any of us, Aunt LaRue. You just want to go home and leave us all alone." She began crying passionately: "I wish my Mommy was here!"

LARUE knew she'd been clumsy in her attempt to correct the child. She hadn't meant to hurt her. She tried to take her into her arms. But Connie was too hurt. She pushed her aunt away and ran outside. LaRue went calling her but she had disappeared.

"I haven't earned the right to correct her," she told herself. Connie thinks I don't love her. I do! I do! I'm beginning to love them all. Especially Connie. The child seems closer than the others. I'll find her. Tell her.

She walked about the garden, but Connie was not there. The great, weird, stone-carved mountains frowned upon her. The brilliance of sun-flecked distances hurt her eyes. The beautiful scarlet blossoms of the cacti in Amelia's garden beckoned fragrantly, yet repelled her with sharp spears. She longed for Connie's elfin face to appear among the fronds of the tamarisk. She remembered how close they had been that morning, sharing confidences. But Connie had flown away, just as the huge orange-brown butterfly which had sipped honey from the flowers had flown away from the garden.

LaRue was alone, lonely. She went into the silent house. Herb, as usual, was shut away behind closed doors. If Erma was inside, she made no sound. In her loneliness LaRue longed for Aunt Mettie, for Amelia! She thought of how Amelia had loved her children. Had loved her husband.

Though there was not a speck of dust under Mrs. Johnstone's meticulous housekeeping, memory spread over everything in the room thicker than any dust. How happy Amelia must have been selecting the neat, pretty things for her home. How shining in her desire to make and keep things fine, beautiful for her family!

LaRue thought: Amelia was always so sure!

They had been different — these two sisters. LaRue was timid, shy, afraid of things. Perhaps a little selfish. But Amelia had been so sure!

The truths which the sisters had been taught since childhood had meant so much to Amelia. She had never doubted. She had given her sister a tiny symbol of her love in an amber bottle. She had given her husband the symbol of her love in their three children.

Amelia's steadiness had helped Herb in his guidance of the children when they were little, but he had lost Amelia's steady love. La

LaRue had seen his confusion in trying to make his son see that it was wrong to steal. He had let himself grow angry, as he would never have grown angry before Joel's mother!

Herb needed Amelia's wisdom, now. He must not let his children drift. Erma and Joel were at a dangerous point in their lives. The three of them — Erma, Joel, and Connie—needed their father's confidence in them.

They needed their mother's love —her closeness—now more than ever before.

Her love is here! thought LaRue, touching one of her sister's small possessions with trembling hands. "Amelia is gone. *But she left her love.*"

LaRue's heart swelled with happiness. Suddenly she knew why she had come to Fivelakes. She had come to help Herb and his children find Amelia's love. . . .

(To be continued)

The Urge of Spring

Etta S. Robbins

Two neighbors stand across the street,
Eyes searching, hands on hips,
As they explore the ruffled sod
In search of verdant tips
Of early crocus, blades of grass
Peeping through damp mold.
They watch with breathless interest
The signs of spring unfold. . . .

Their dishes in the sink can wait,
Be later washed and dried. . . .
The urge of spring is everywhere
Why should they stay inside?

A Mother's Prayer

Verla R. Hull

DEAR God, I pray—not for myself alone—but for the children thou hast given me as a precious charge! Help me to infuse into my family the faith to combat each failure, the pure intelligence to overcome temptation's lure, the love that will light their way to real joy and fulfillment.

Encircle, O Lord, my children with thy protecting cloak, keeping them strong in body and mind. And gird well my tempestuous teenagers with the armor of virtue, that they may guard the sacred fountains of life from which generations will spring.

Help them, too, to help keep America free, to accept the obligations of freedom along with its blessings, to realize thy transcendent mercy on behalf of America. Help my children to remember, as they satiate themselves in the fruitage of our verdant land, that "love thy neighbor as thyself," is the great commandment, second only to love for thee.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Zina R. Engebretsen

NORWEGIAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY, OSLO AND SKARPSNO BRANCHES HONOR FORMER PRESIDENTS AND VISITING TEACHERS AT OPENING SOCIAL, September 30, 1958

Seated, left to right: Jenny Friis; Mina Mork; Anna Marie Adner; Maren Selan; Getta Wennemo.

Standing, left to right: Dagmar Porsboll; Zina R. Engebretsen, President, Norwegian Mission Relief Society; Martha Johannesen; Marit Arnesen; Magna Staavi; Aagot Larsen; Anna Walfjord; Rosa Arveseter; Synnove Johansen, President, Skarpsno Branch Relief Society; Laura Gaarder.

Absent when the picture was taken were Inger Johnsen, President, Oslo Branch Relief Society; and Aase Gaarder.

Sister Engebretsen reports: "The Oslo and Skarpsno Branches of the Norwegian Mission, both located in the city of Oslo, combined for an opening social, and specially honored were the visiting teachers who had served for thirty years or more, and also the living former presidents. Out of six living former presidents, there were five present at the social. A luncheon was served."

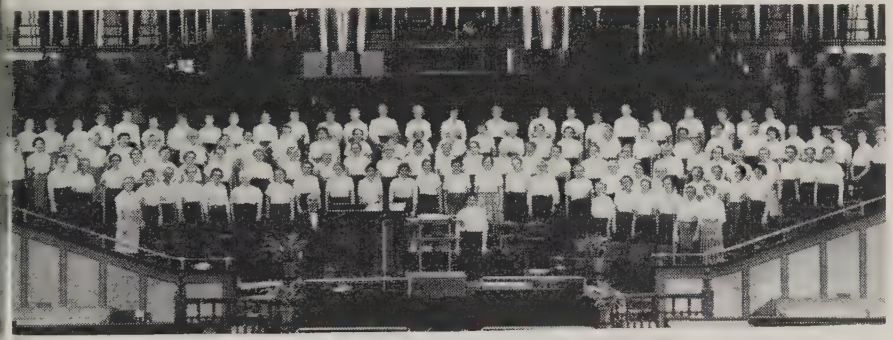
Photograph submitted by Ida A. Gallagher

MURRAY STAKE (UTAH), MURRAY EIGHTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS RETAIN HIGH RECORD FOR ATTENDANCE AT VISITING TEACHER MEETINGS

Officers presiding during this time, front row, seated, beginning third from left: President Irma Y. Fairbanks; Second Counselor Pearl S. Ohlwiler; Secretary Clara K. Farnsworth.

First Counselor Olive Harding was not present when the picture was taken.

Ida A. Gallagher, President, Murray Stake Relief Society, reports: "For four years the visiting teachers of the Murray Eighth Ward have maintained the highest percentage of attendance at visiting teacher meetings in Murray Stake."



Photograph submitted by Cora S. Jenkins

BONNEVILLE STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL CONFERENCE October 8, 1958

Shirley Swenson, chorister, stands at the right of the podium in front; Elder Alexander Schreiner, Tabernacle organist, stands at the left of the console.

Cora S. Jenkins, President, Bonneville Stake Relief Society, stands sixth from the right in the front row.

Gladys Seely, Relief Society stake organist, stands ninth from the right on the third row.

Sister Jenkins reports: "The opportunity for our Singing Mothers to sing in the Relief Society General Conference this year was such a special one that we had a picture taken."

Photograph submitted by Lucy G. Sperry

NETHERLANDS MISSION, UTRECHT DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY OUTING

Lucy G. Sperry, President, Netherlands Mission Relief Society, reports a pleasant summer outing and social: "The sisters in Holland look forward to summer outings more than most people. Perhaps it is because they don't have too many warm, sunshiny days. It is the practice of the Relief Societies to have an outing in most every district during the summer months. This summer (1958) the Utrecht sisters got together for their holiday. They made it a full day from nine A.M. until nine P.M. They traveled by bus with lots of singing and snacks along the way. As the cities are close together in this country, they visited several of them . . . Zandvoort on the North Sea being one of them. After a visit to one of the famous old Saint Bavo (Dutch Reformed Churches), they ate dinner at a lovely restaurant in Haarlem. Everyone had a lovely day. The sun was shining brightly for the occasion. We have found that these summer outings tend to bring these sisters closer together, and they are looking forward from one summer to the next.

"Sister Alberdina van den Hazel, first row, second from the right, the district supervisor of Utrecht, had charge of this outing."

Photograph submitted by Hilda Goucher

SANTA MONICA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT ANNUAL CONCERT, JUNE 13, 1958

Standing, in front, at the left: Lola Brimley, conductor; Nan Rains, organist; Odette Coulam, assistant organist.

Hilda Goucher, President, Santa Monica Stake Relief Society, reports: "This concert, as usual, was an outstanding affair. The chorus has brought a great cultural entertainment to the members of Santa Monica Stake as well as to many people who, as yet, are not members of the Church. Nine of the twelve members of our Relief Society Stake Board, including the entire presidency, participate in the chorus. On our programs this year was printed a tribute to the Singing Mothers composed by our dear Ruth May Fox, who recently passed away. This poem was brought to us by her granddaughter Blanche Clayton, who is second counselor in the stake Relief Society presidency. Our Singing Mothers have given us outstanding service in our union meetings, conventions, and all programs and activities. I can't think of words to show my gratitude adequately for them and their splendid conductor and accompanist."

Photograph submitted by Ruby M. Nielsen

LEHI STAKE (UTAH), LEHI SEVENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SUMMER SEWING CLASS

Seated at the sewing machines at the left, in front: Tessa Allred and Joyce Karren; and at the far right, in front: Second Counselor Ila Pulley.

Back row, standing, left to right: Hilda Bushman; First Counselor, Virginia Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, Phyllis Covington; President Sarah B. Price; work meeting leader Evelyn Yates; seated at the sewing machine, Geneva Bourne; Ann Bernall; Effie Gibbons.

Not present when the picture was taken: Eleanor Lund, Norma Powell, and Vesta Jacob.

Ruby M. Nielsen, President, Lehi Stake Relief Society, reports: "This picture was taken at one of the sewing classes held during the summer months by the Seventh Ward Relief Society of Lehi Stake. The classes began with the June work meeting and continued weekly until the finale, or fashion show held in September. Many hours of patient instruction were given these beginning sewers. Six teenagers joined the class and did sewing for themselves. At the fashion show the sisters modeled the dresses they had made at the sewing class. A total of twenty-eight articles, including men's and children's clothing, were completed. We are very proud of the work these sisters have done. They not only taught Relief Society members to sew, but aided others to learn to sew for themselves. It is felt that the classes were so successful that continued instruction will be given at each monthly work meeting. Even the 'experts' felt that they could learn, as they exchanged ideas and shortcuts at these classes. We are attempting to follow the instructions of the General Board and put more stress on sewing and learning to sew at our work meetings."

Photograph submitted by Grace Utley

MURRAY SOUTH STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, May 16, 1958

First row, beginning ninth from the left, left to right: Melda Hale, chorister; Venice Black, Second Counselor, Murray South Stake Relief Society; Cora Lee Richardson, organist.

Top row, standing, beginning tenth from the left, left to right: Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer of Relief Society; Grace Utley, President, Murray South Stake Relief Society; Helena Evans, First Counselor; Hennie Heutter, Secretary-Treasurer, Murray South Stake Relief Society.

Sister Utley reports: "This lovely group of Singing Mothers presented the music for the Murray South Stake Visiting Teachers Convention, May 16, 1958. This was the first visiting teachers convention for this new stake. This chorus has also presented music for other stake functions, including stake quarterly conference. Sisters from each of the wards, in turn, present the music at the monthly union meetings."

Photograph submitted by Hortense Robinson

FINNISH MISSION, HELSINKI DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, November 1st and 2d, 1958

The chorister, Ulla Kerttula, stands in the front row at the right; Hortense B. Robinson, President, Finnish Mission Relief Society, and accompanist for the chorus, stands at the left.

Sister Robinson reports: "Sessions of the conference were held Saturday and Sun-

say. The Saturday sessions featured talks by the Relief Society board members, the mission president, as well as by the branch Relief Society presidents. On Saturday afternoon special attention was given to work meeting activities. Representatives from each of the seventeen branches were present. Seventy sisters attended the leadership meetings on Saturday. Sunday featured a testimony meeting and the Helsinki District Relief Society Conference conducted by Lea Minni, President."

Hortense B. Robinson was released as president of the Finnish Mission Relief Society shortly after the above picture was taken. The newly appointed president is Ruby E. Warner.

Boy With a Book

Christie Lund Coles

We saw him sitting on the country porch,
Alone and still, a book between his hands,
Oblivious to us, the twilight's torch
Against the western sky; the nearby stands
Where fruit was sold, and people paused—as we—
To touch and purchase. For a moment, only,
I looked upon him, in his jeans, to see
If he apart there from us, could be lonely.

Then, suddenly, I knew it was not true,
For all the magic and the priceless joy
Of books that I had read, returned. I knew
They were incarnate now within this boy.

Oh, to be as young as he was there and then,
And for the first time, read each book again.

They Tell Me Your Name Was Clarissa

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

I knew you not at all, and yet I know
Your parlor was serene as shining silver,
Your bedroom curtains caught the wild-rose winds,
Like petals in a jar, for you to savor.

I knew you not at all, whose steps are gone
From these loved rooms, and yet it pleasures
Me to keep them lovely as you would,
Your little chairs, your faded books, your treasures.

In this clean kitchen where your man brought home
The taste of summer clover in his kiss,
I breathe the scent of bread, fresh-baked and warm,
And hear imagined words of yours and his;

And always at your hearth—which now is ours,
Contentment, born of love, still grows and flowers.

MUSIC RECOMMENDED FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CHORUSES

..... HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS — Liddle ..... .25

..... I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY — Effinger ..... .20

..... LORD'S PRAYER (Two Parts)— Malotte ..... .25

..... LORD'S PRAYER (Three Parts)— Malotte ..... .25

..... LORD'S PRAYER — Gates ..... .20

..... MY REDEEMER LIVES — Gates .... .20

..... MY SOUL IS ATHIRST FOR GOD — Madsen ..... .20

..... O LORD MOST HOLY — Franck .... .16

..... O LOVELY LAND, AMERICA— Christensen-Madsen ..... .20

..... PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU— Roberts ..... .16

..... TWENTY-THIRD PSALM—Schubert.. .25

..... UNTO THEE I LIFT MINE EYES — Beethoven ..... .22

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Vernessa M. Nagle

STRANGE that tonight my thoughts should drift to evening sounds that were so much a part of my childhood's country home.

I seem to hear Mother's sweet soprano as she kept time to the swish, swish of the churn dasher as it made the innumerable revolutions that promised golden, sweet-flavored butter. I listen again to Father's loud vocalizing, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," vibrant and clear, as he threw the final forkful of hay to the horses stabled for the night.

Somewhat modified by time are the remembrances of raucous sounds of our kitchen during long winter evenings when "harness fixing" time rolled around; but the image remains focused sharply, as Father lugged into the house the heavy hames and tugs after the chores were all done to deposit on Mother's immaculate kitchen floor.

The weather always had something to do with the event. Most generally the wind howled without, and the window panes shook protestingly with the impact of drifting snow. With harness oil placed at a convenient angle near the heap of leather gear, a piece of steel rail serving as the anvil, and the gleam of the copper rivets in the soft lamplight, the evening's excitement began. The precision of each hammer stroke always amazed me as Father made rivet fastenings secure.

Mother generally found this event an occasion to pop corn on the shining expanses of our kitchen range.

could have been that the little sk took her mind from the for- idable pile centering her kitchen oor. On such nights she was also one to tantalize us with odors of ney taffy that for interminable ngths failed to reach the "thread" "crack" stage. Another of Moth- 's little household tasks which in- igued us was her evening prepara- on of baked apples for next morn- g's breakfast. The dabs of but- r, spices, sugar, and pattings that ent into the operation!

"Now they'll just need warming in the morning." Mother would mile with deep satisfaction. And e teakettle agreed, as it sang mey songs.

At length the repairing operations the evening were completed, the rness heap moved to the porch, d tiny shavings of leather swept atly into the coal shovel. Then, length, the time had arrived. ather would read stories to us. h! the book friends of my youth! ven today I long to take time out r a brief reunion with the *Little hepherd of Kingdom Come*, re- nembering so vividly young Chad s my father introduced him to me.

Occasionally Mother added a bit f explanatory narrative to the tales ather read as she looked up from er mending. Her "asides" were ot the kind that required mental unctuating, for they were strikingly strictive.

But all too soon she intruded into ur realm of romance with threaten- g glances at the big mahogany lock hung above the kitchen table. With our usual mild protestations, e watched Father close the story- ook and we reluctantly moved loser to the kitchen range for a nal warming before we ventured

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into the frigid realms of our winter bedrooms. But our souls had been warmed with a warmth that only family solidarity can give.

Father and Mother are gone from that circle now, but the memories of our evenings around the old cookstove are crystal clear and the security fostered there gives us faith in the goodness of life.

The Silver-Fingered

Ethel Jacobson

The fingers of March
Are silver with frost.
They fret the larch,
Still leafless, lost
In dreams that now
Wear ragged and thin
As each chafed bough
Feels a pulse begin.

The fingers of March
Probe lingering snows
Where green shoots arch
And a trillium shows.
They part the rain,
Then, dazzling clear,
Paint a rainbow plain
From heaven to here!

Sanctuary

Vesta N. Lukei

We know
Two wheel tracks worn
Like furrows faint and brown and rutted
Amid the hillside weeds
And new spring green.
We know
This short, steep road
That ends by lichen-covered rocks
And weathered pasture fence.
We overlook a gentle valley
In the curve of hills.
We know,
Always and over all,
The benediction of sky.
We have been here before.
We shall come again.

Weeds

Hattie B. Maughan

My neighbor's yard is full of weeds,
Right thriftily they grow.
My border line is scoured clean
Of noxious things, for oh—
My lilies will a contrast form
To weeds in rank disorder,
And all will see a lesson in
My straight and spotless border.

But, as I wander through my yard,
So smugly self content,
A weed around my ankle twines
On sin and mischief bent.
I look and all around my feet,
They chortle in disorder.
My neighbor may look further than
My chaste and cleanly border.

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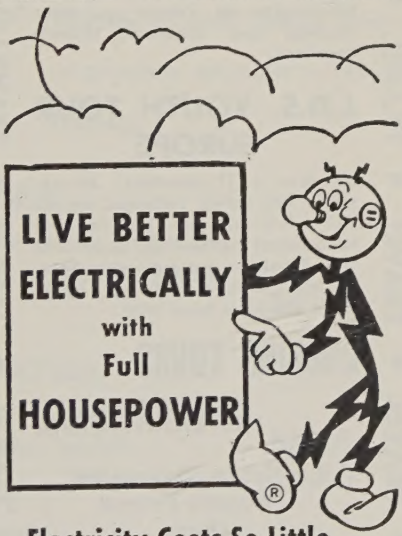

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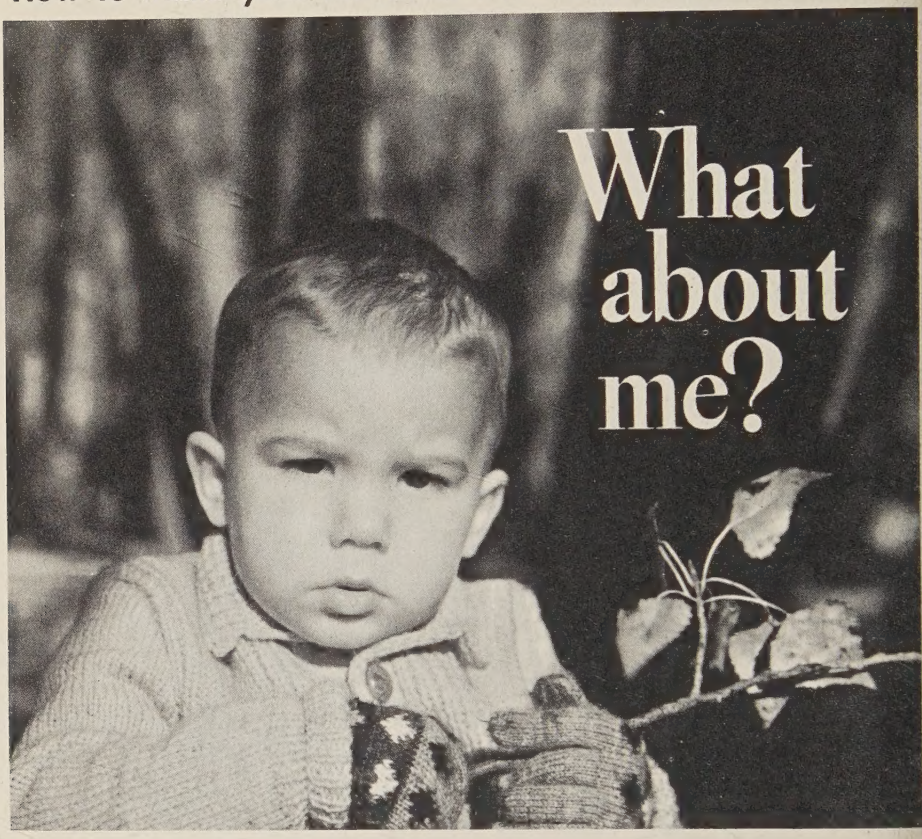

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